

#57

# Lady Like

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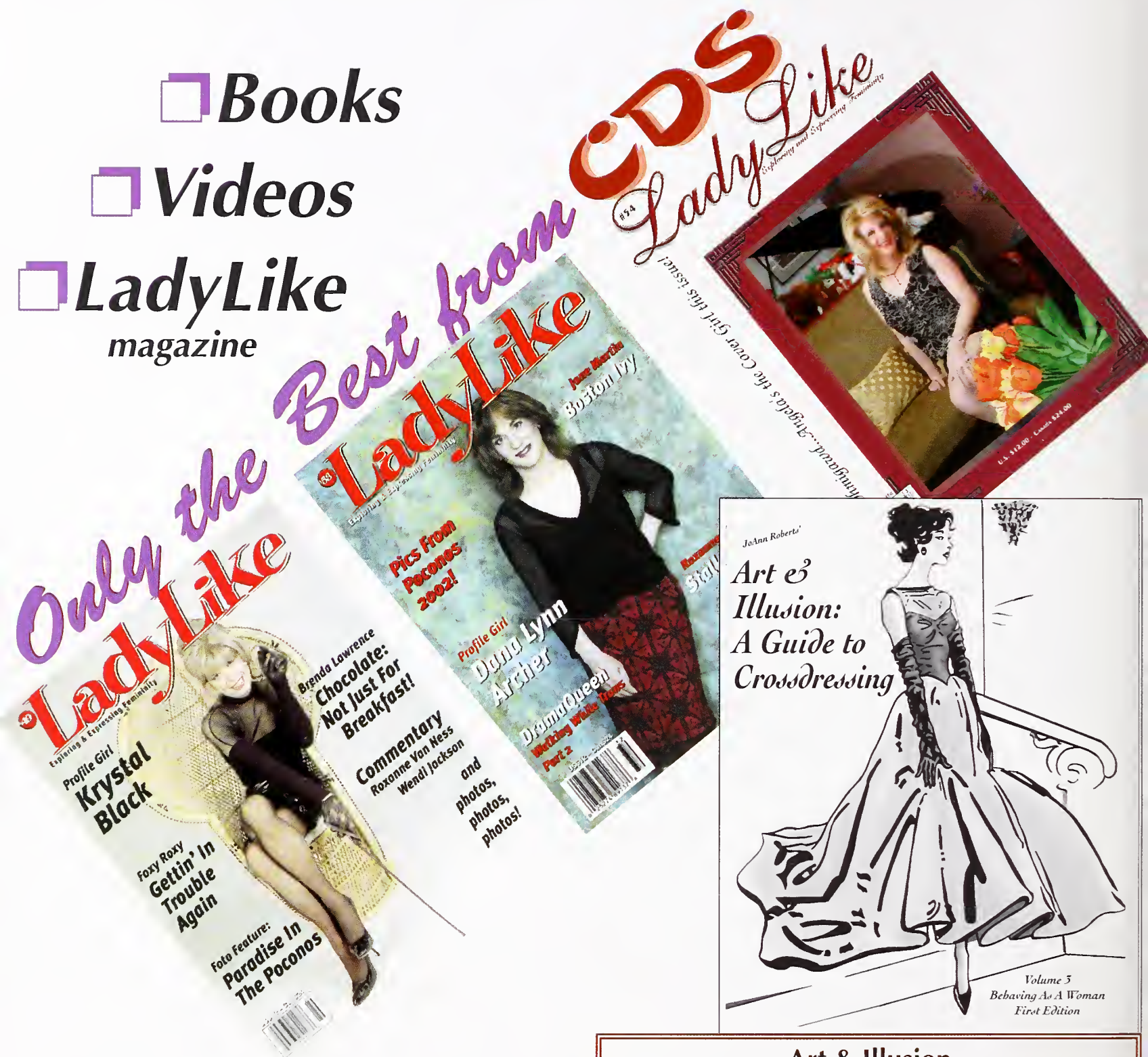
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Publisher

*JoAnn Roberts*

Editor

*Angela Gardner*

Art Director

*Astra*

Sales & Advertising

LadyLike Magazine

Creative Design Services

P.O. Box 491

Lionville, PA

19353-0491

Phone: 610 363 7117

LLmag@cdspub.com

www.cdspub.com/LL.html



# *LadyLike*

## In This Issue Features

- Profile: Candy .....4  
The Trashy Tarheel is our Profile Girl. You asked for her. You got her!
- All You Need Is Love .....10  
Fuller Jackson shares his story about the love of his life
- Dream The Impossible Dream .....20  
Another inspired tale by Jane Martin
- That Skirt .....27  
You know, That flirty, perfect one you've been looking for.
- Drama Queen: The Lost Career Of Raymond Berlin .....34  
A final fling with a French FI, this is DQ's last column in LadyLike
- A Wolf In Ewe's Clothing .....40  
Roxanne VanNess comes under scrutiny while taking a series of walks.

## Regulars

- Mirror-Mirror (starts on) ..... 9
- Reality Check, Angela Gardner .....16
- Glamour Bits, Amanda Richards .....18
- Letters .....22
- Night Moves .....30
- Ask Lady Astra .....43
- North American Support groups .....44
- On My Mind, JoAnn Roberts .....46

# Candy

26 Pinecrest Plaza

PMB 124

Southern Pines, NC 28387

E-Mail: snickrs@connectnc.net

(I never count on my PC to do it right)

**Height:** 5' 6"

**Weight:** 146 pounds

**Measurements:** 39-27-38 (new Candy Tarts push-ups)

**Dress size:** 10

**Shoe size:** 9-10

**Favorite clothes:** sexy, short, low cut, club wear. Heels as high as possible (flat shoes will kill you.) I also get a lot of stuff from Victoria's Secret.

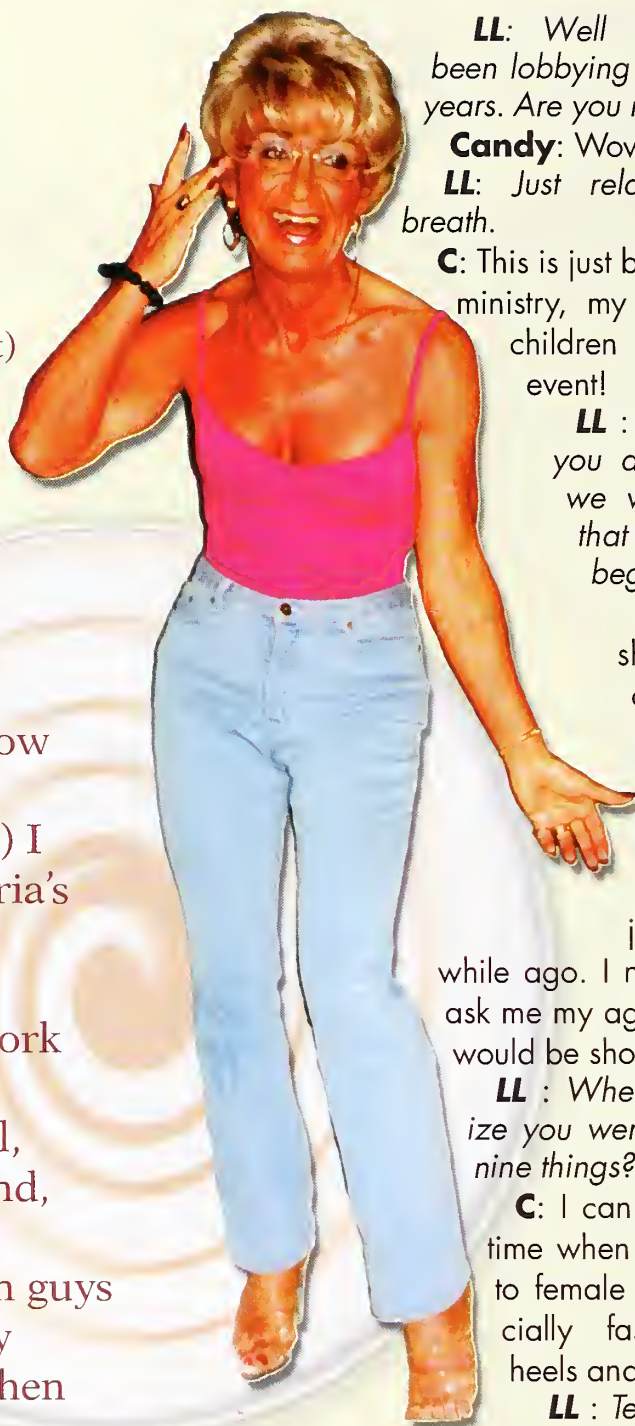
**Favorite perfume:** Opium

**Favorite activities:** I love to work out, hunt and fish, play ball.

**Favorite music:** From classical, Cher, Beach Music, Neil Diamond, Streisand, Roy Orbison.

**Turn ons:** I am enthralled when guys check me out and look down my cleavage, or focus on my legs. Then the dieting, exercise and just hard work seem like a good investment.

**Turn offs:** I am turned off by my preacher colleagues who have all the answers about who is the sinner and who is going to heaven. Watch out for those in religion who can draw anyone out of the circle of God's love. People like SoulForce have a lot better handle on the Christian Faith than some big name preachers.



**LL:** Well Candy, you have been lobbying for this moment for years. Are you ready?

**Candy:** Wow, I'm really excited.

**LL:** Just relax. Take a deep breath.

**C:** This is just behind my call to the ministry, my marriage and my children as my life's best event!

**LL :** As a matter of fact you are a minister, and we want to talk about that but first, start at the beginning.

**C:** Well, I was born shortly after the war of northern aggression...

**LL :** Hold on there Miss Rebel Yell. Be serious.

**C:** All right, let's just say it was a while ago. I never like people to ask me my age since I know they would be shocked.

**LL :** When did you first realize you were attracted to feminine things?

**C:** I can never remember a time when I was not attracted to female things. I was especially fascinated by high heels and lipstick.

**LL :** Tell us about your first time.

**C:** I was eleven years old and was visiting female cousins who were ten years older. I somehow got the courage to try their Revlon Cherries in the Snow lipstick. (It's still my favorite color.) Then I found that one cousin's heels fit me exactly. I figured I'd died and gone to heaven early. I was afraid I'd be discovered so I only did it once.

**LL:** But you were hooked, right?

**C:** Yes, I began to sneak my mom's lipstick into the bathroom, but even then I was scared to death. In high school I worked in a local drug store and got to buy cosmetics. I'd try them when I was home alone, but still in fear and trembling.

**LL:** We've heard this story somewhere. Bet you tried like the dickens to cover it up.



**C:** Oh, I tried to be very macho. I played football and basketball. I even lettered in college. I did weight training and body building. I usually weighed 175 lbs. and could military lift the same weight.

**LL :** And you were feeling your call to the ministry then, too?

**C:** Yes, The Lord was pulling me into the ministry. I had no idea why I was the way I was and I did not understand why God wanted me to preach because I knew God could not love me the way I was—I didn't even like me. I was a pervert of the highest order,

and truly God must be pretty hard up for ministers.

**LL:** It can be bad enough when you don't have a calling to deal with transgender feelings. I can't imagine how you could cope with the call to ministry and the urges to act and dress like a woman. Talk about a moral dilemma... what did you do?

**C:** I read everything I could find in my large university library, but that was not very much. Then, I fell in love and married a super lady, and knew that I'd be all right after that. Surely, this would cure my perversion. Oh, was that ever wrong. She was close to the same size in some things and I could wear her clothes.

**LL:** Uh oh!

**C:** I started to dress more completely. I bought her make-up that I could use, and lots of high heels so I could at least see her in them.

**LL :** A mistake many of us make. "If I get married these feelings will go away." They don't though.

**C:** No they didn't. It wasn't enough to see her in the heels. I took the plunge and bought myself a pair. They were far too tight, but were also wonderful.

**LL:** When were you able to dress?

**C:** In seminary, I dressed when she was at work, but truly hated myself for what I must be.

**LL:** Did you ever try to tell her about your dressing?

**C:** She never knew anything about my femme side and I felt that I was betraying her during our entire time together.

**LL:** You mentioned children. Did you dress up after they arrived?

**C:** During the years our children were little I didn't dress at all.

**LL:** That must have been very hard.

**C:** Even worse, here I was preaching about God's love, but I was sure it did not, could not, include me. I really felt I was a freak, sick and truly a lost soul.

**LL:** Then your wife became ill.

**C:** Yes, she began a twenty year losing battle with cancer, and even though I did not enjoy sex that part of our relation-







ship was over. I see God's hand at work here. She was often in the hospital for weeks on end and when my children were all in school I'd dress. I finally got shoes that fit and were sexy, some terrible clothes and some cosmetics of my own. I looked absolutely awful.

**LL:** *Not many of us start out looking that great.*

**C:** I not only looked awful, I literally hated myself. What a life to live. I was telling people of God's love and forgiveness, but all the time I knew that I was not included.

**LL:** *So you were just miserable and hung in there?*

**C:** Until my children finished college and grad school, married and pursued their careers. And my wife lost her fight with cancer six years ago.

**LL:** *That left you on your own.*

**C:** Yes and that's when I decided I had to learn who the girl was that lived inside of me. She was literally sucking the life out of me via the guilt and pain I felt. On the outside I was a jolly, pleasant person who ran five miles a day and worked out.

**LL:** *But you were doing the two lives thing, a public life and a secret life.*

**C:** Very much. I appeared to be a well-adjusted pastor of large churches who had taken the very best care of my wife.

**LL:** *How did you get from that miserable state to be the well adjusted crossdresser you are today?*

**C:** I really asked God to help me find out what was going on in my life. I finally got some books and the light began to

come on. I found JoAnn [Roberts] and she allowed me to pour out my heart. Slowly I began to realize that God did love me and I was born this way. No matter how hard I prayed for change I was made exactly the way God intended, and I had no idea why.

**LL:** *That must have made a tremendous difference.*

**C:** This was the most important revelation of my life. Now all the things I'd preached about for years came flooding into my life as never before. Part of me is female and I cannot be cured or changed. I

have to explore this to have any real happiness. This female in me had my future happiness in her hands.

**LL:** *How did you get started with your serious exploration of femininity?*

**C:** First, I lost thirty pounds, changed work out programs to develop different muscle tissue, and began to shave my body from the ears down. I did that for over a year and not one person noticed. I started tanning because the pain from too much football and the propensity to bleed meant I could not take any helpful drugs. I was still awful looking.

**LL:** *How did you improve your look?*

**C:** LadyLike became my key to the new world. I called Lynda at CDTips, and on the one year anniversary of my wife's death I spent the whole day with her. She taught me all the things I had no way of learning on my own. She took pictures and for the first time I actually looked a little like a real girl. I also started to experiment with my pecs to see if I could achieve some cleavage.

**LL:** *We think our readers are pretty familiar with your achievements there. Pretty impressive.*





**C:** That's been one thing that has been some of the most fun of my life. I'll match my cleavage with almost any female. JoAnn introduced me to Divinity in Greensboro, North Carolina, and she determined that I needed to get out. She sells to exotic dancers so she took me dressed to one of her clubs.

**LL:** *Candy at a strip club? How did that go?*

**C:** If you want to be unnoticed that, honey, is the place to go. The girls were great and made all sorts of suggestions to help. Amazingly, all I could think about was how I wished I had those or that.

**LL:** *Most males want to look and touch "those and that" but we have a different desire, don't we?*

**C:** Yes and I've worked at it.

**LL:** *Your first event?*

**C:** I went to *Paradise in the Poconos*, and it was a life-changing event. There were lots of people just like me, and they were sweet and loving. I made friends



that still impact my life. Then I went to *Southern Comfort*, and then with my friend Ruth I have been to Las Vegas three times for five days each time, Los Angeles, Seattle and *Espirit* for two weeks at a time.

**LL:** *What do you do when you go off to these cities?*

**C:** I go all over the cities shopping, eating, sight seeing and just being a girl.

**LL:** *Well it sounds as if you have certainly managed to adjust to your two sides. You seem to have worked thing out pretty well.*

**C:** I still struggle in one important area and that is my sexuality.

**LL:** *How so?*





**C:** I must be bisexual as I want it both ways. I wrestled with this from a theological standpoint, and have decided that God made me a sexual creature as He made me a cross-dresser. There will be some Mr. Rights who will treat me as a woman. I have dated some gorgeous females, and told one about Candy. She used me for eight months and then told me that she

time and she has a lot of people to thank for that. Truly, no man or woman is an island.

**LL:** No, we aren't and too often transgendered people let themselves become isolated by worrying about what people think. You just need to be who you are and interact with people like any normal girl, or boy. That's how you have a good life. Any final thoughts for our readers?

**C:** Please remember, God loves you very much. If you need a pastor...

**LL:** Thank you so much for chatting with us today and sharing all your lovely photos.

**C:** Thanks again for letting me have this experience. It's been a real pleasure. And remember, I truly love to correspond with anyone who wants to get tons of pictures. I love to get them as well. If you write I will answer.



could not handle my dressing and to go away. It may well be that the boy-role offers too much potential for pain.

**LL:** We have to encourage you to not give up in anything. Woody Allen said bisexuality was great since it doubled your chances of getting a date. And we know from experience that there are CDs out there who have good relationships with women. Finding anyone, Miss or Mister Right, is not that easy anyway.

**C:** I have high hopes. These new push-up pads that I have created, paired with a corset that pulls my waist in 27 inches, I'm hoping will open some avenues to new encounters with potential Mr. Right. Maybe some time I'll have to open the Candy Jar.

**LL:** Oh girl! You are naughty!

**C:** One thing is for sure, Candy is having a great



# Mirror



Amy Joy,  
PO Box 530994,  
Livonia, MI 48153



Angela Foxx,  
300 E. Water St.,  
Wellsville, MO 63384



Jeri



# All

I've read quite a few issues of *LadyLike* (among other transgender magazines) and rate it higher in content, quality and expression than any of the other competitors. Thus, I thought I'd write to you about my experiences as others have done.

I've also ready many of the letters from your readers (I love reading letters because they assist in my understanding of transgendered individuals and why I find myself so attracted to them). By the way, I am one very fortunate admirer who not only admires transgendered people, but who also has been living a very loving and caring relationship with a transgendered woman for over 6 years. We have a nice home together in a nice quiet neighborhood, we're good neighbors and both have good, steady jobs in the IT industry. She works as a consultant while I work in IT for a large utility company. We work only a few blocks apart and have the same work hours so we're able to carpool to work each day. We get along with our neighbors really well, inviting them to our home, while we've been to theirs many times as well. The same goes for our co-workers, finding ourselves going to dinner and other affairs with them throughout the year.

I won't set myself up for speaking for other TG admirer's, in fact, quite often it upsets me to see the way other admirer's treat those that they so-call admire. I've met so few admirer's who have 1/100th the courage that transgendered women have. I won't go into





# You Need Is Love

details why I think they're cowards, for I can only speak for myself and count myself as a very lucky person to have met Lorri almost 7 years ago, purely by chance by browsing her internet site and after perusing it for several days, finally working up the courage to write to her. I was absolutely shocked when she responded and waited almost a week before returning a reply. We corresponded almost daily and later we met after months of chatting via email and over the phone, getting to know one another.

For me, it was love at first sight! Lorri hadn't transitioned to full-time yet, but when I saw her, I knew that I wanted to be with her, yet felt that I might disappoint her in some way. Well, obviously I didn't disappoint her, and thus began a relationship that has blossomed into a special and loving togetherness that hopefully will span the course of our remaining lives. It takes special work (just as with any meaningful relationship) to keep the fires burning, but it's been well worth the efforts. We're not as active in the transgendered community as we once were. Not that we don't still keep in touch with all the friends we've made, its just that our lives are so filled with day-to-day routines of work, taking care of a home, and taking care of our family that we find ourselves snuggling together in the evening while the remainder of the day winds down.

Lorri's almost 20-year old daughter lives with us and has been for about 2 years now. Both

my sons know that Lorri is transgendered and they've been to visit us many times. They love Lorri just as they love their own natural mother. And to make things even more amazing, Lorri's ex-wife and I are very good friends too. Lorri remained close friends with her ex. I think that one of the biggest hurdles and challenges I had to face was meeting her ex for the first time (telling my friends and family about Lorri paled in comparison to coming face to face with her ex) Yet after that first meeting, we hugged each other sincerely and now share things and feelings with each other just as any good friends would do.

From the very first moment of our being together, I made certain that I was up front with my friends and family about Lorri. She came to live with me in Georgia for over a year while she transitioned to full-time, and we went everywhere in our town together (we later returned to her hometown in Missouri and after struggling to find jobs, finally succeeded admirably). I will always give her the respect and courtesy due any person, treating her like the woman she is, and she blossomed into a beautiful person, one that I'm proud to call my wife. By the way, even before Lorri transitioned to full-time, I always saw her as a woman and treated her that way, regardless of what her sexual identity bespoke.

She often tells me that I was courageous for facing family and friends about her, and that she had it easier. I don't think so, I admire her everyday for the courage she

has in coming back to her hometown (where we now reside) and facing her family and friends with her new self, and returning to her old profession, this time as a woman.

Her family have been overwhelmingly accepting of both of us, just as mine has been. I'm good friends with her older brother and two sisters, her male best friend for years when she was a guy, and others in her family. Oh, and to make things a little more complicated, I'm African-American while she is Caucasian. But, we make it work and we're proud of our lives together.

So, I just wanted you to know that it does work, that there are admirer's who are willing to go the distance, to walk the walk and talk the talk. And I've never considered myself gay, bisexual or anything but a normal guy. But, if anyone wants to label me, go right ahead, I've been labeled all my life and I'm very comfortable with the person that I am. I have wonderful friends in the straight community, wonderful friends in the gay community, and very wonderful friends in the transgendered community. I will always be an admirer of transgendered ladies, and even though I'm in a totally committed relationship, I will always have room for friends of any type.

Thanks for giving me the opportunity to express my feelings and I hope that LadyLike will continue to be published for decades more to come.

Fuller (fuljack001@yahoo.com)  
St. Louis, Missouri



# MIRROR MIRROBS



Rachel Storm,  
POB 2295,  
Pahoa, HI 96778



Roberta,  
#3637



Michelle,  
PO Box 5140,  
Glendale Hts,  
IL 60139



Regina Lynn,  
#4007



Cris Fox  
P.O. Box 14271  
Louisville, KY 40214



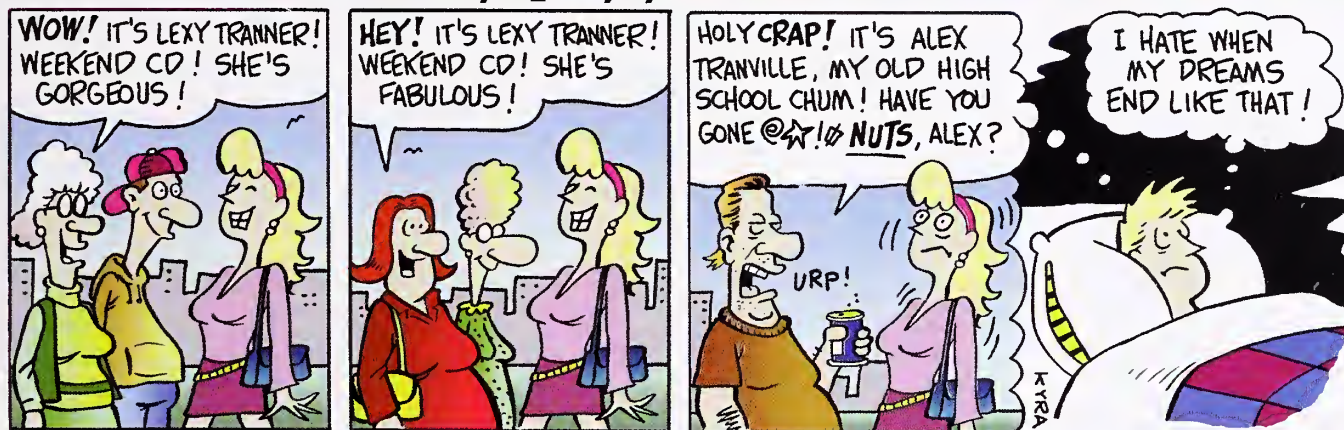
Susan



*Lexy  
Tranner  
Weekend  
CD*



kyra\_kelly@yahoo.ca



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Joanna, #3930



Carrie Anne



Beverly, #3903



Chris Cook, #4445



Bobbie Young,  
PO Box 7329,  
Atlantic City,  
NJ 08404



Geena, [geenatkma@shaw.ca](mailto:geenatkma@shaw.ca)



# MIRROR



Janet Dey,  
PO Box 3854,  
Center Line, MI 48015



Leslie A.,  
PO Box 1649,  
Washington,  
PA 15301



Lisa Anne,  
PO Box 104,  
Sun Prairie, WI  
53590



Jerri Lee, #4425



Marilyn Fox,  
PO Box 21,  
Clarence, NY  
14031



Laura Cynthia Hunt,  
PO Box 2211,  
Hollywood, CA  
90078



Debbie Lynn, #4393



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# Reality Check



Greetings my little glamour bunnies! It's another fun filled issue of *LadyLike*. Much has occurred since the last issue. The most traumatic thing was my move from the peaceful hills of Valley Forge to

the gritty, down and dirty, city. Yes, it's true. Angela Gardner is now a city-chick. But the process of moving is just a major pain. Seriously, not just metaphorically—I really developed carpal tunnel syndrome from all the abuse my hands took surrounding the move. I refuse to let anyone I don't know pack my things so that meant that every item, from slinky lingerie to ceramic knick-knack, had to be boxed by my own tired little paws. So that accounts for the carpal tunnel and I won't bore you with the other bodily injuries inflicted from disorientation and inattention. Suffice it to say I got pretty beat. And I broke every fingernail. Grrr... anyhow, I got settled into my new home, which is much closer to my favorite downtown Philadelphia haunts, and am beginning to get used to my new lifestyle. In my old mountain paradise I had a lot of (possibly too much) privacy. I could come and go in the most over-the-top drag and the nearest neighbors wouldn't see me thanks to distance and intervening trees. Now, I am in an apartment building with a small number of tenants. I haven't run into anyone yet but it's just a matter of time. Thank goodness I don't really give a big rat's behind about what anyone thinks. I don't think anyone will have a problem with a drag queen neighbor since it is a city, but if they do it will be their own little problem—not mine. The move was traumatic in another way—I couldn't find anything for days. Where did I put my (fill in the blank)? I actually couldn't find my wig for ten minutes the first time I went out! I still don't have a place for everything and everything in its place so I am threading my way through various piles and still a few boxes. I lived in V.F. for six years and if I needed something that I used fairly often it was a simple matter to find the spot where it resided. Now, each wardrobe decision is followed by at least five minutes of searching before the correct garment or accessory donned. The move has been a big change but I think it's a change I needed at this point in my

life. Once I'm settled in I will be much closer to all the city action and I am already feeling the greater energy you get in major metropolitan areas. As evil law breaker Martha Stewart would say, "It's a good thing." I had one thing happen as a result of the move and I was struck by how ten or twelve years ago I would have reacted differently. Cleaning up in the

old home I found some fake nails that had fallen behind something. Two of them were larger, thumb sized nails, and having broken both of my thumbnails with the moving abuse I thought I might have a use for them, and soon. I picked them up and put them in my pants pocket. Later that night at my new place I decided to walk to the nearby Rite Aid drugstore (I can walk places now!) and pick up some Q-Tip eye makeup applicators so I would be prepared for my next glam outing. I was planning to buy a couple of items but the other thing I needed was not available. Taking my lone purchase of applicators to the counter I reached into my pocket for cash (I should make it clear I was dressed in male mode) and pulled out my money. With the money came the two fake thumbnails. They flew to the countertop and spun gently while I placed my cash in the clerk's hand. Oh, could this be a crossdresser buying makeup applicators? Maybe! Now ten years ago I would have been mortified. Bad enough to be buying eye makeup applicators but then to have fake nails erupt from my pockets! I might not have actually ran out of the store screaming but it would have crossed my mind. Here in the new millennium I barely noticed. I picked up the nails and put them back in my pocket, took my purchase and headed on home. But I was inspired to share the incident with the LL readers. I wondered how many of them would have had a kitten if that had occurred to them and I marveled at how far I had come. I was slightly concerned that the clerk might have thought I had opened a package of nails and took some but that had more to do with the honesty my parents instilled in me at an early age than any concern about being caught out as a crossdresser. We tend to get so wrapped up in ourselves when we spend every waking moment thinking about wearing women's clothes that we start to think that other people actually care if we use eye makeup and wear fake nails. The majority don't and in this day and age there are fewer people who are bothered by crossdressing. They have more important things to worry about like Janet Jackson's breast exposure and where to find low carb food. Enjoy this issue of *LadyLike* and remember—send us your pictures for Mirror-Mirror!





Marilyn Fox,  
PO Box 21,  
Clarence, NY  
14031

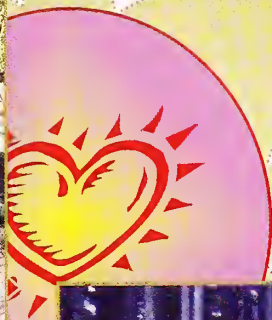


Ricky, #3613

MIRROR  
MIRROR



Richelle, #4370



Rhonda, #3607



Barbara Roberts,  
PO Box 6372,  
Baltimore, MD  
21230





In the last two issues we've talked about how to properly apply foundation and contouring to achieve a beautifully shaped face, and how to apply a smoky eye shadow. So, if you've been following along and practicing, you've been walking around with just foundation and eye shadow on. It's about time that we complete the look and work on the proper application of blush and lipstick.

My number one pet peeve is too much blush. There is nothing in my opinion that can spoil a look more quickly than an overdone application of blush. Always apply products sparingly. You can add more color as needed, but it is more difficult to undo a heavy application.

There are different types of blush, cream, gel, and powder. Creams and gels tend to work best with clear, smooth skin. Because of the naturally rougher texture of male faces, I prefer to use a powder blush. It can be applied more evenly over any textural inconsistencies.

When applying powder blush, a shaped blusher brush is best. The hairs should be tapered and in a rounded shape. Flat edged brushes



give you a harder look. Take your brush and swirl it lightly in the blush container. As you remove the brush tap it lightly on the edge of the container to remove excess product. A light touch is always best. When applying the blush to your cheek, use a smooth movement, and you should always brush in the same direction. If you go back and forth with the brush, you could irritate your skin.

As we learned with contouring, the placement of your blush can affect the overall look of our make-up. You can give strong eyes and lips a softer feel by applying a soft light blush color, or you can accentuate your glamorous look by applying blush under your cheekbones in a slanted manner. Here are some tips for blush placement.

To slim down a wider, larger face apply blush vertically in a narrow line down the center of your cheek.



If you have a relatively narrow face and a wider nose, place your blush widely on your face. This will draw attention away from your nose.



To accentuate good cheekbones, or give the impression of having them, apply blush high on the cheekbone near the eyes.



In order to give a round face a more angular look place blush in a diagonal pattern just below your cheekbone. Be careful not to place this too low on your face. It should be grazing the middle and lower





part of your cheekbone.

If you have a long narrow face and wish to give it a wider appearance, place your blush in a horizontal pattern.



Blushes come in an endless array of colors. I prefer bright, pure colors, like pinks and corals. Colors that look more natural or neutral in the package can have a lot of gray in them and actually serve to drab down your skin. Remember; use a light touch when applying color to your cheeks.

For lips the most important thing is to take good care of them. Dry, chapped lips do not take color well. You get a very uneven application that looks kind of like a nasty gravel road. To care for your lips, drink plenty of water, and moisturize them. You can use any one of the moisturizing balms out there, even plain Vaseline works. To exfoliate your lips, rub them gently with a wet q-tip, or with a soft bristled toothbrush about once or twice a week.

When applying lip color, start with a soft lip pencil. Use it to define the outer edges of your lips by starting at the middle bow area and moving outward. Once you have completed the outline, fill in the rest of your lip with the same color. This will give you an even base for the lip color to adhere to, and increase the depth of your color. A couple of additional tips for using lip pencils; stick to a neutral tone unless you are going for a very strong look. If your lips are chapped, don't fill them in with pencil, it will only accentuate the dryness. Lips tend to droop down, to lessen this effect, don't define the lower outside corners of your lips with pencil.

Begin applying your lip color

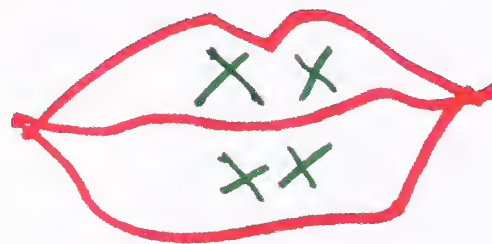


with a tube or a brush at the center of your lips. Then, use a brush to work the color outward to the very edge of the lip line. To set your lip color, blot with a tissue. Then apply another layer of lip color, and blot again.

One trick to make lips look fuller is to layer a lighter color on

to the center of your lips.

This can be accomplished more

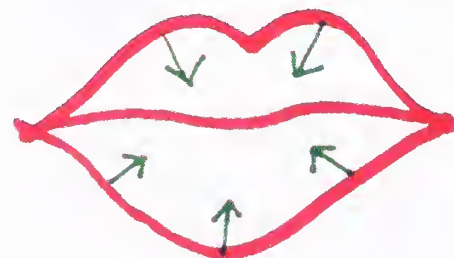


subtly with an application of clear gloss.

Another tip for lip color is to try mixing your own colors. Take two shades of lip color, scrape a small amount of each onto a smooth surface, and mix them together. You can have an unlimited lip color wardrobe if you are willing to experiment with mixing.

If you make a mistake with your lips always remove smudges or lip-stick from the outside in so that you don't smudge the foundation around the lips.

Makeup is a wonderful



way to bring out the beautiful you. Don't be afraid to experiment. Try new looks. Go get a makeover from a professional. It's a lot of fun, and they will help you see your possibilities.

Until next time,  
stay beautiful!

*Glamour Bits*  
*Amanda Richards*





## Jane Martin

**To  
Dream the  
Impossible  
Dream!**

### ***The Palo Alternative***

It was the 2121, the 22nd Century, an interesting numerological year! Not quite binary but certainly very bi for transsexuals.

The genetic mapping accomplished over 100 years ago and its implications for gender reassignment procedures made surgery, as known in the 20th and 21st centuries, seem as primitive as 'sacred leeches'.

A fetus is female for about the first 6 weeks of its life. At a certain point a chromosome mutates in approximately half the species. Once this happens, body chemistry is changed due to toxically high levels of testosterone being released throughout the embryo. As this chemical imbalance rages through an unborn infant, it ultimately

causes a chain reaction, alters the genetic mapping and causes the fetus to be born male.

A procedure called nano-surgery is surgery to the scale of a nanometer, or one-billionth of a meter. It was developed by a genome researcher in Palo Alto, California early in the 21st century. This technique became known years later by researchers in the gender community as the "Palo Alternative" because it negated the mutation that originally caused the chain reaction... and it returned the body to its natural state of being female.

Of course once the body was returned to this 'celestial state', now referred to medically as the renewal process, the newly liberated woman inside could elect to have cosmetic surgery to enhance the result!

My story is of course science SRS-fiction. It only happened in my dream.

### ***To Right the Unrightable Wrong***

I embarked upon my voyage through the gender frontier with a slight, but satisfied smile upon my lips. Like Alice in Wonderland, I passed through the mirror, from the illusion to the reality that was the Palo Alternative.

The renewal process was relatively painless. It was accomplished by using an instrument called a laser scalpel; removing the catalyst within that initial cell, the zygote, which caused the chain reaction inside my embryo 9 months prior to my birth. The laser scalpel emitted pulses that were measured in femtoseconds, which are thousands of trillionths of a second in duration. This procedure vaporized the catalyst within the

zygote without destroying the cell in which it was floating. This caused my body to return to back to its celestial state of femininity!

Once the laser procedure had taken place, I was left in a catatonic state until my body had reprocessed its newly established chemistry. My metamorphosis would thankfully take place in a matter of days as opposed to years!

While lying comatose, I felt a symphony of inner feelings. My groin area seemed to melt and simmer, becoming concave. My genital odor seemed to change. I inhaled this scent of warm moisture deeply through my nostrils. My breasts erupted my nipples grew... becoming convex in shape. My cranial cavity, shoulders and hips felt malleable. Nerve endings that I never knew existed seemed to tingle with newfound feelings begging to be explored.

### ***Awakening Moments***

I looked into the mirror. A soft voice floated through the air and whispered to me, "I've been waiting for a very long time".

She smiled through youthful, ivory white teeth. Our fingertips touched as I felt her aura of softness and warmth. Her asymmetrical lips were a delicate balance between an innocent smile and a slightly seductive pout. Her nose was upturned with sensuous flaring nostrils that evoked passion. Her blonde hair fell past her diminutive shoulders, resting just below the middle of her back.

"Do you approve", the voice beckoned back to me?

I was overcome with delight. What was there not to love?

The illusion was dressed in black Capri pants and a collarless



dark gray silken blouse; sheer black stockings shimmered on the backs of her calves, while I glanced at my reflection in the mirror. Her toes and delicate arches were adorned in black mules with spiked heels. You could slightly make out her panty and garter 'line' as she bent forward. Youth had blessed her with little need for makeup. However she wished her face could become an artists' canvas, painted to resemble either an elfin princess or a Parisian show girl.

Perhaps we could experiment later when we would want to share an intimate moment?

I kissed the palm of her hand then licked her polished fingernail tips. I loved the way she tasted! Was she to become a sacrificial virgin to my inherent lesbian lust? Would I make love alone and savor myself?

The image staring back at me rested her fingernails on the top button of her blouse and began to unbutton them provocatively, one by one. She guided my trembling hand down the curvature of her breasts. I felt the rawness of her nipples, slightly wet from perspiration. She delighted as I squeezed them. They rewarded my effort by becoming taut and erect!

The image in the mirror smiled and said simply, "They're yours".

"Tonight", she said, "we can light candles, sip Cabernet and listen to Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata". It was my favorite musical score bridging the classical period with the romantic period. It rivets my emotions!

I slipped off her heels and gazed at her toes; perfect, with pedicured

nails painted crimson red.

She smiled and said, "You like my feet don't you"?

They were delicate with symmetrical toes cascading across each foot.

"You like the feel of my arches through nylon sheerness? You like the smell of my feet; the scent of tanned leather mixing with perspiration and perfume. You lust every time your fingertips run down my stockings, pausing at the deep black Cuban heel-cap. Do you want to lick my toes, don't you"?

She blushed and added, "You have a stockinged foot fetish, don't you"? Have no guilt. There's no shame in self satisfaction.

My tongue licked her lips. Her taste and smell intoxicated my senses. I felt lightheaded for a moment. Her stomach muscles were taut, her navel 'puckered'. I ached to French kiss it with my mouth and see if she was ticklish? I knew I was!

She said, "We'll be together, always. We'll go for long walks through the park, sit alongside the stream on lazy, sunny days... we'll glance at the stars and watch the full moon on warm, summer nights...".

I wanted to kiss her a thousand times. I wanted to make up for every day of dreadful despair that had been my former life. In every dark dream I had previously encountered, I walked alone; always seeking, never finding. I was never touched, never caressed, never kissed and told, "I will love you forever and will never leave you"!

### ***Bedside Manner***

A click came from the latch of

my hospital room door. A gray haired woman wearing a white lab coat entered and inquired, "Is everything well? Your body is still developing"!

The doctor followed her through the doorway and added, "I wanted to stop in for a visit and see how you two were getting along? We are always somewhat worried initially... but I can see that you two seem to be the perfect couple".

Perfect couple... I mused, "My mirror and I"... dancing around the room together like the King and Queen of Siam!

I giggled uncontrollably, "We are. We could not possibly be any better. You might say the genome procedure was the genetic splice of my life! She is everything I had ever hoped for and I... We wanted to thank you from the bottom of our heart".

The room became quiet once again and I muttered a word of thanks to my Creator as well as the researcher that had stumbled upon the Palo Alternative so many years ago. A beautiful mind had tipped the genetic scale in my favor and had created the perfect woman... at least in my mind!

Story idea from my Chicagoland friend, the petite Mistress Shelley Kelly

Story by Jane Martin & Shelley Kelly

You can contact Shelley at:

ShelleyMKSM@msn.com

You can contact Jane Martin at either:

JDMtime@yahoo.com

Or:

Jane Martin

POB 26691

Wauwatosa, WI 53226



# Letters

**Dear LadyLike Subscribers,**

As we approach our 4th Anniversary, I want to express once again our gratitude to all LadyLike subscribers who have contributed to The Transgender Fund. Because of caring, loyal individuals as you, we have been able to support numerous projects fostering the well-being of transgender/gender variant people everywhere. This is truly a team effort and we would not be able to be to do what we do without good-hearted sisters and brothers like you.

Thank you so very much!

Sincerely,

Diane Dale, The TG Fund

**JoAnn and Angela,**

Hi girls! It's PJ, and I'm alive and well! I've included my renewal fee for another 4 issues of LadyLike, and a \$5 donation to the TG Fund. Of course, also included is another picture to throw on the pile.

The magazine is still great, I wouldn't miss an issue. I'm looking forward to Issues 55-58.

Angela; I love your editorials, and was glad to see you as the cover girl on LL # 54. I've only met you once (Poconos '98), so it was nice to learn a little more about you. I really liked the picture of



you on the piano, with JoAnn sitting at the keys.

JoAnn; I also love your "On My Mind", you make some great observations. I was really sorry to hear about your break up, but when two people are heading down two different paths, the only thing to do is head your separate ways. I hope it's working out, and the two of you have remained friends.

Anyway, you two keep up the good work with LadyLike. I'm planning on a new photo shoot in October, so be prepared to be bombarded with pictures, 3 at a time of course.

Love Ya,

P.J.

PO Box 9038

Colorado Springs, CO 80932

*Glad you enjoyed the piano shot, PJ. What they don't tell you in the glamorous movies is that it hurts to drape yourself on a grand piano like that. Ouch!*

**Ya Call That Support?**

Dearest JoAnn,

Yes, I know you get tired of my letters but I've had to relearn the art of taking regular pictures. That is lighting, background etc. So here are some that I think are as well as my current efforts can accomplish. I just want you to know that I really work this stuff and do not rest until get it down pretty well. The little one is an inkjet, but it was so cute that I had to send it. I got a very expensive laser color printer but it was not as sharp as the inkjet. So I took it back

I really wrote to tell you about my attempt to go to a "support group in Charlotte. I wore a sexy dress (picture included) that I've worn to 5 star restaurants in Atlanta, Seattle and Port Angeles. I did have the little bolero jacket. I wore a red one just like it to LVs largest mall, shopped the expensive stores in LA, and never had a minutes trouble. Guys go out of

their way to be polite and look down my dress. Usually it is with 3" shoes. So I picked that one to wear to a hole-in-the-wall restaurant where they meet, and another hole-in-the-wall club where they go afterward. I have to say most of them look pretty bad. Two or three look great but the others... I got this Email saying the dress was not appropriate with the restaurant or the standard of the group. They want me to look as miserable as they do. No wonder people are turned off by groups. They are a closed society that does not want you raising the bar on how one is to look. Needless to say I will not go back. As (I said) in my article, no one will turn me into Mrs. Doubtfire until I can't cut it any more. The sad thing is that I had fun talking to the lesbians in the restaurant. They loved my outfit, especially the 6" shoes. Ain't life a bitch?

Love

Candy

*Well Candy, some folks are just intimidated by all out glamour. The really sad thing is that groups that are supposed to offer "support" to people with gender issues take it upon themselves to judge those who come for support. One time at a Renaissance meeting in King of Prussia a new comer arrived in a girl's field hockey uniform. She got some strange looks but she was as welcome as any-*



*one else. That's the way it should be. We're part of a minority and we should concern ourselves with our similarities and cherish our differences. If I were you I*



would go on back to that hole-in-that-wall bar and hang out with the lesbians who appreciated you. You don't need the dowdy support group girls to do that.

### Deja Vu All Over Again

Dear JoAnn and Angela,

I read Jonnie Ballard's letter in issue #55 over and over. Each time I read it I thought to myself, this is me. It was me struggling with the issues of who I am. It was me coming to realize, at mid-life, that I am not weird but uniquely special. It was me slowly growing into my realization, finally becoming very comfortable moving about the world in my feminine self.

Along the way I, like Jonnie, and I suspect many other girls, began to find my feminine self increasingly interested and attracted to men. Several years ago I had a relationship with a kind and gentle man. Like every real girl, I floated on cloud nine for days after we were together. He made me feel so real and so feminine. I never felt so complete as on those times when we were together. Unfortunately circumstances ended our relationship. Many times I dream about meeting another man like him, but as life requires us to balance our male and feminine worlds, I have learned to let patience and providence guide me.

So, thanks to Jonnie for writing her letter. I loved reading it over and over. And to everyone else I say, find your own way. We aren't like the rest of the world; we are truly unique and special. Because of that we will all take different paths. So, if you find your feminine self stepping away from your normally heterosexual urges, and longing to be kissed by a guy, don't be scared, it's OK.

Yours truly,

Marsha Lakey

Box 84

Sandusky, Ohio 44871



*Kissing is nice. Just remember to make him take you to dinner first. Jewelry is also good as an incentive for bestowing favors. Seriously, if you click with someone what does it matter whether it's homo, hetero or just platonic? Life is too short to try to fit into some box and nice people who are mutually attracted should act on it if they can. Whatever you do, enjoy it and practice safe sex.*

### Wants Mirror/Mirror in the Front

Dear JoAnn and Angela,

I have started this letter several times but like Rocket J. Squirrel used to say, "this time for sure!" Not sure what the delay is about, but who cares. I'm here now.

Enclosed is a payment to keep my subscription current and a contribution to the TG Fund. Glad to help, as you have continued to produce a tasteful, quality magazine about our enchanting and puzzling lifestyle. There are plenty of other places to see or learn about transsexuals, but precious little for the genuine CD/TV. Our resources get even slimmer if you don't care for the stuff about being punished or

forced to crossdress. Having voluntarily stepped into mom's closet when I was six or seven it never occurred to me that boys would have to be forced to dress up until I read about it in my late teens.

I like the new columns you've added about TV nightlife. I do miss Jane Martin's stories, though. One criticism about the changes, I didn't like the Mirror/Mirror section relegated to the back. It's more fun to encounter the pictures scattered throughout the magazine. Here's a thought, what about a feature on local support groups each issue? Sort of a Tri-Ess (or whatever) chapter of the month.

Also I would like to contribute my two cents about handwriting and punctuation, mainly that because of all the advances in technology people have gotten lazy about reviewing the content of what they write. If you're going to use a computer to write, then for heaven's sake run the spell checker before you send it. One last comment. Spelling is a real bugaboo of mine, and I see so many girls misuse the word cloth. Ladies, what we get such a thrill wearing are "clothes". When you wash your car you use "cloths" to wipe it down. Enough said.

Hugs and Kisses

Lyssa Marie Levin

Denver, CO

### Compelled By Her Kindred Spirit

Am enclosing 4 pictures that I would hope that you find fit to be put in your wonderful Magazine. This is new for me to come out as they say but my 'kindred spirit' wanted me to do so. She has been and is an important part of me and my transition which I had wanted to do for some time. I think everyone needs a kindred spirit. Not shaming me or making me feel guilty. One of these days I may get

*(continued on next page)*



brave enough to go out of the house.



I have been a fan of your magazine. It's Class—First Class.

I hope I get some feed back (pro or con) from your subscribers.

J. Mathies

P O Box 50318

Nashville , TN 37205

## Good Grooming...

Dear LadyLike,

Enclosed, are some pictures of me, taken during a recent getaway weekend in Pittsburgh.

I would also like to take this opportunity to thank you. Without your encouragement and support I would never have found the courage to become the woman I am. Two years ago I would never have dreamed of setting foot outside my house, so to speak, to appear in public as Elizabeth. Today, I do so with pride and self assurance. I have had my ups and downs, and I may not always pass, and if some people object that's their problem, not mine. The secret, more than anything, lies in

confidence, good grooming and proper attire. Always look your best and dress appropriately.



Thanks again, LadyLike, for the service you have done me.

Sincerely,

Elizabeth Hulbeck

P.O. Box 1731

Auburn, NY 13021

## It's A Cinch!

Dear Angela,

I just finished LL#55 and noticed the article by Veronica Anderson about corsets. I'll confess to owning one (bought for 60% off when my local sexy lingerie shop had a fire sale) but as far as wearing one out when one has to sit normally and perhaps go dining I suggest all the girls save the big bucks involved! The metal stays are quite rigid and don't permit you to sit normally. A much more sensible approach is to use a "high waisted control brief" or "waist cincher."

I say save the corsets for your "S&M/B&D" photo shoots! Here are some new photos of yours truly. I hope you can use them. Keep up the good work on your great magazine!

Cena Williams

FWD #2710

They say, at the expensive corset places, that with a properly fitted corset and the correct amount of "corset training" a lady can comfortably wear her corset anywhere, not just the bedroom. I do love the way a corset looks but for going out I prefer to have someone who may touch my waist to feel warm flesh rather than rigid stays and fabric.



Another corset hazard that no one mentions is the way that your flesh can be pushed up above the top of the corset. Who wants to see a sexy, slim waist, and then notice the roll of flab hanging over the top? Lesson: If you're going to wear a corset spend the cash on a good one and have it fitted by a pro.

## Keeping it Classy

Dear LL,

Your magazine is the best and classiest publication for CDs. It has helped me feel more comfortable in my desire to crossdress. I can now go out in public to stores, malls, and other functions alone or



with someone. I have even gone to a cosmetic counter in a department store for a makeover. I just love to get really dressed up and go out to dinner at a nice restaurant, and I often go alone.

I always try to present a classy appearance and be a credit to femininity so if I do get "made" I really don't worry about it. I am also particular about the areas I go to.

Since this is my secret I can only dress when I travel on business which has taken me to enjoyable places like San Francisco, Portland, OR, Key West, Miami and a very special place in Vermont—TC North in N. Montpelier is a wonderful place. Clare "the wig goddess" does fantastic makeovers, as you can see by the enclosed photo.



tos, and hosts numerous social functions. Hopefully you will be able to use these photos with my letter and Mirror-Mirror.

Thank you so much,  
Roberta  
FWD #3637

#### **Short, But Sweet!**

Hello,

I love your magazine. It is wonderful and I just wanted to send a picture of myself to be put in one of the issues. My name is Akira Barnes and I'm 20 years old, from Raleigh, North Carolina. Thank you so much for the great magazine and much more success.

Love,  
Akira

*Since you are young we'll try to teach you early—SMILE! Dressing up is one of the most fun things you can do so when you strike a pose be sure to let your joy show and smile. It helps to make you look more feminine as well as friendly. By the way, love your nails!*



#### **A First Timer**

Hello Girls,

I just read LL for the first time and enjoyed it so much. The articles were great and I didn't know about all the wonderful things there are to do out there.

You see I'm a closet CD, mainly because of where I live. Being a CD here is a big no no. I live in a small farming community where if you are different you are shunned.

I feel so much better about myself when I crossdress. I've been crossdressing since I was ten. My parents would punish me for being mean to my older sister by having me wear dresses and stay outside in the front yard. Later on I would isolate and get dressed up, only I was always drunk when I did it.

Now that I have sobered up I feel more compelled to get in touch with my femme side. In so doing I have gotten a couple of JoAnn's books on crossdressing which have helped me a lot. Now I have LadyLike which is really thrilling.

I got to talk with a sister on the phone when I was ordering a catalog for crossdressers. When we finished it felt like a big burden had been lifted from me.

I was so thrilled I just had to write to just say thank you Lady-Like.

Now I have a dream of getting a makeover and going out on the town with some of my sisters. I'd just love to hear from my sisters. Keep up the good work.

Love,  
Sandra Everitt,  
PO Box 436,  
Hatch, NM 87937

*Being stuck in a rural area where everyone knows everyone and different behavior is not encouraged can be tough. But there is a device that was invented a few years back that can solve all your problems. It's called a car. You are not that far, in*

*(continued on next page)*



western state thinking, from cities like Albuquerque, or Phoenix. The Transgender Community Group meets in Albuquerque every week. Their phone number is 505-265-7655. Transgendered Harmony meets in Phoenix, Arizona and their number is 602-954-7553. (There are actually six TG groups in Arizona.) There is even a little town outside of Santa Fe called Madrid. It's filled with artsey types. (Durned hippies.) Every year they throw a little thing called The He She Bash. The whole town gets into the spirit and dresses up like Mardi Gras and they put on a show. My point? Don't just hunker down in Hatch. There are groups and activities near enough to you and you can also attend any of the larger TG events around the country thanks to that other little invention, the airplane. Now get on out there and have some fun!

## And Yet Another First Timer

Dear Angela,

I just purchased my very first ever issue of LadyLike magazine and it is superb! Keep up the top quality work! I LOVE it!

I have been a closet TV for many years and I just recently moved from West Virginia to Columbus, Ohio. (Culture shock!) Anyway, I feel it is now time to slowly come out of the closet as a TV.

Columbus has so much to offer and they also have the Crystal Club here!

I am writing you for two main reasons. (1.) I purchased the Autumn 2003 issue and I would like to secure the addresses of Joyce, #2892 from Ohio and Meredith from Pennsylvania in order to correspond with them.

(2.) How does a TV get to appear in your A-1, superior TV magazine? I hope the day comes when I can become sexy and stunning enough (as Belinda) to appear in LadyLike magazine. That is a

goal of mine!

I know I need a lot of tips and advice just coming out of the closet but hopefully the Crystal Club can help me, as well as gorgeous, seductive TB experts like yourself. You are very vivacious looking! I can only hope I look half as good as you do. I am 6'4" and weigh about 175. (Tall and lanky.) I feel I do have a lot of potential though!

Again Angela, I hope you can help me on securing Joyce and Meredith's addresses for correspondence purposes. Thank you! I think the Mirror section is the BEST part!

Respectfully,  
Belinda

Welcome to the wonderful world of LadyLike, Belinda. Since you're a new girl with us I will explain the rules. If someone doesn't want their address published we don't publish it or give it out to anyone. That's why Joyce has a number. That's her mail forwarding number. If you want to send her a letter you send it to us with that number and we send it on to her. If she chooses she may give you her address or correspond through our office. If Meredith did not have an address in the magazine and she had no forwarding number you're out of luck. She's not ready to have people write to her.

Since you moved to Columbus I don't know why you would think about coming out of the closet "slowly". Not only does Columbus have a group, Cincinnati has one and Pittsburgh has one. Not to mention Cleveland. You're surrounded by sisters just waiting to tell you where to shop and how to do your eye makeup.

As for getting your picture in LL, you're off to a good start with the sucking up. We like that. More compliments! Seriously, send us a picture. Chances are you'll see it in an upcoming issue. Keep two things in mind; we're quarterly so you may not see it for a few months, and the most

important thing—SMILE! See ya in LadyLike.

## Back From The Purge

Dear LadyLike,

I can't tell you how much I enjoy reading your publication. I have been enjoying LL since issue #2. I have been a long time subscriber. During a recent purging period I didn't subscribe but purchased LL for a year. What a waste of time purging is for us T girls. Not to mention the money and hard to replace clothing, jewelry, etc.) I'm not going to purge again. Next time I feel like doing that I am going to package and store my articles.

I have been a closet dresser for a long time and just recently wrote to one of the LL girls (Lisa Ashley) who was very kind and answered my letters. I am coming out slowly but I think sometimes I go too fast in order to catch up for a lot of wasted years in that musty old closet.

I have included several photos that I would like to share with your readers. I would welcome correspondence with other T girls on any subject. IF you would, please publish my address with the photos.

Amy Joy,  
PO Box 530994,  
Livonia, MI 48153





# That Skirt! By Fran Cisco

After the runway fashion show, one girl came right up to my face with her face about five inches away, beaming with excitement, and she shrieked "That Skirt!" Where did you get that skirt?" You could practically hear it throughout the whole ballroom. Then another girl, who was behind me, turned me around and said, "You were fabulous! Where did you get that skirt?" All the while I thought to myself—I can't wait to tell Lorrie. Lorrie is my beautiful wife to whom I've been married thirty years. Not only does she know about my dressing up, but she knows about that skirt too.

As I made my way back into the dressing prep area, girl after girl was smiling widely and complimenting me. Flooding into my ears and straight to my brain's best part were lots of pleasant adjectives and my name. "Fran, you were terrific!" "Full of life". "Fran! Gorgeous." "Fran. Great job!" "You really strutted!"

I told my friend Gina that I was glad she agreed earlier when we were getting dressed that it would be a good idea for me to wear the skirt, with a black velvet long sleeve shirt jacket, over a bustier. Gina helped me several times during our trip.

The fashion show was part of the "First Event" held at the Crowne Plaza Hotel in January in Woburn, Mass., near Boston, and sponsored by the Tiffany Club of New England. Two hundred and fifty transgendered girls getting together attending seminars, getting advice on transitioning, sharing ideas and feelings, and attending events, dances and parties. On Friday night there was a

fashion show and a lucky twenty-five of us got to be runway models. Clare, a vivacious, quick-witted, energetic genetic girl chose ten of us to wear her wonderful wigs. Clare and her husband Chris run a remarkable Vermont business selling and styling wigs and guiding hundreds of girls on make-up, dressing and other ways to become the real them.

After I did my runway walk and went back through the staging room, I told at least five girls, "I now know what I want to do. I want to model sexy clothes on a runway and have people clap, and smile at me, and take photos, and come up to me afterwards and ask me things like 'where did you get that skirt?'" Funny thing. It was not an empty declaration made in the heat of passion and excitement. Granted, I was floating in the clouds, but it was all still very real. After all, I truly had walked out, no, pranced out, down a thirty foot runway, to show off my blonde, biggish hair wig, my bouncy style of walking, and oh yes "that skirt." There's a story behind the skirt, which I could not help but relate to anybody who would listen.

The skirt might be the prettiest sexiest skirt ever. A Betsey Johnson skirt. Betsey is still the best designer of "girly" clothes that make you feel twenty and look one-half your age if you are over forty-five. This skirt was designed at least twenty-two years ago. My wife Lorrie bought the identical skirt from Bloomingdales way back then and still wears it. So the skirt has a history with her and me. It has two tiered flounce layers of cotton, red and black plaid, with black lace knit at the end of each flounce. The top portion has a eight inch flat section all around the skirt, with a zipper in back, slimming until it reaches the flounce which



p u l l s  
the eye  
out and  
then out  
again with  
the next  
flounce, then  
ending about  
four inches

above the knee. The first time Lorrie wore the same skirt was to a big dance party, and I remember hearing all the accolades, and I remember ogling her and wishing it was me wearing it.

The sight of Lorrie in that skirt back then might in fact have been the start of a decades-long quest for that skirt. She knew I sometimes dressed up in women's clothes (much less frequently back then than now) and one day warned me sternly when I was standing near her closet watching her dress herself. "Don't ever, ever, wear this skirt!" She told me "I don't like you wearing any of my clothes, but I warn you never to wear this skirt—it is my favorite." I complied. The skirt beckoned me from her closet but I resisted. But, every time I was in a clothing store which had sexy skirts, I looked around for Betsey Johnson's line in

(continued on next page)



# That Skirt!

the hope of finding that special skirt.

As the years went by, Lorrie has stayed trim and beautiful. And often, perhaps twice a year but at least once, she would wear that skirt. And usually dance in it. It drove me crazy with sensuality. Me, as a man, attracted to her as a woman. But, she drove me crazy with envy. I wanted to look like her in that skirt. She usually wore it with a tight fitting long-sleeve black leotard with a moderately low neckline. It brought out the black in the dress and was perfect! Tight-fitting top and flared bottom. Quite the look.

Since Lorrie first bought her skirt, twenty plus years passed until a certain Saturday afternoon last year on Sixth Avenue around 20th Street in Manhattan. A warm spring day filled with throngs of people walking the streets, going in and out of stores, and street fairs, and flea markets. I saw the flea market signs during the week and planned to go there that Saturday, dressed as a girl, to look for sexy clothes to wear to the dance parties with other transgendered girls and our many male (and female) admirers who evidently like our look, spunk, energy and zest for life.

So, I parked my car, walked down the street feeling pretty, paid the one dollar entrance fee to the outdoor bazaar, and was stopped dead in my pumps. Looking at the booth right in front of me I saw hanging from a skirt hanger, against the back of the booth and about eight feet high—Lorrie's red and black skirt! No, of course not her own skirt because she would never part with it. But an exact duplicate. I was stunned. My long-time hope was conceivably about to be fulfilled. Kind of mystical. I

then had a terrible thought that something would go wrong, like the wrong size, or a big rip in the back, or that it cost \$3,000 or something crazy like that. I went up to the girl, who was a thin blonde like Lorrie, and asked "Is that a Betsey Johnson skirt?" She was surprised I knew and exclaimed happily "Yes, hun!" When I asked how much, and she answered "twenty-five dollars" I could hardly contain myself. I wanted to jump up and down a hundred times and scream "Yeah, Yeah!" but instead I exploded in a nervous very high voice "Great! Can I try it on please?" She smiled and took it down, handed it to me, and I slipped into it right over the short black skirt I was wearing, which I then slid off from underneath. I shuffled over to the mirror, nudging through the crowd, and nearly fainted. It looked that good! More than that, it completed a long standing open item for me. Closure and a beginning at the same time! I paraded around, from booth to booth, checking out the smiling faces of people watching. I took it off and put it in my bag and slipped back on my black skirt. I left the market, before anything wrong could happen on this up-to-now miraculous day.

When I was home putting the skirt in my closet and Lorrie came into the room, she nearly flipped thinking I took her skirt, and when I explained it was a new one, an exact duplicate, she was relieved, and I think even happy for me.

Yesterday, I duplicated the photos that were taken of me at the First Event fashion show which my good friend Gina found for me among the many photos on the display table. Two photos of me were probably the best ever taken in my life. In one I was standing at the middle of the runway with my arms lifting up in that black velvet long-sleeved top, the photo snapped as I was just about to turn around, with a big smile hearing the music and the cheers, standing

straight and proud, and with my black-stockinged legs looking good beneath that skirt—that marvelous Betsey Johnson skirt. The second photo showed me at the far end of the runway, again happy and proud, but this time with my hands on my hips and my torso slightly bent forward to push out my bottom toward one section of the room, revealing more of my legs, with my head turned to the side displaying a fun 'don't I look cute' smile. In the background you can see girls in the audience clapping, cheering, smiling and taking photos.

The pleasant, helpful Hispanic woman at the photo duplication place was quite patient when she guided me on editing and zooming, in making 5X7s and wallet size duplicates of each photo. She went back over the process twice more, to make them a little brighter and also to copy the scanned images to diskette, so I can email them around if I want to. And I definitely want to. As we worked on the photos, she said "she looks very pretty" and I really don't think she realized it was indeed me. I was very tempted to tell her and the long line of people behind us, who were watching the whole process, but I felt a tinge of embarrassment—not about the happy cute girl I was being in the photo on the screen but rather embarrassed about the man I was standing there. I'm better as Fran than as Frank in many ways.

Last night, I showed Lorrie the photos. She actually said I looked good! Quite good! Up until now she has been reluctantly tolerant about my crossdressing, but saddened that her husband is steadily becoming more and more like a girl, and showing the world. Now, I'm hoping that by her seeing me in that skirt, looking so happy, just like she feels when she wears the same Betsey Johnson skirt, will lead her, I pray, to be more accepting of me and my evolving transition from Frank to Fran.



Today, as Fran, wearing that beautiful blonde wig from Clare, I went by myself to the Metropolitan Museum of Art on Fifth Avenue in Manhattan. Few activities compare to a Manhattan day out on the town as Fran doing regular things, with the world around me not knowing I'm really a man, or at least not caring if they do indeed know. I went to the museum, mainly to see the Leonard daVinci special exhibit of more than a hundred of his drawings, especially of his inventions. He has been a lifelong hero of mine because of his diverse talents and his keen creativity and inventiveness. Creating ideas and inventing is a passion of mine. As I stood on the line, I decided that it was not important to me to wait close to an hour to see the works of a dead man, no matter how brilliant. I had my own creativity to unleash, and perhaps in a new direction entirely for me. I decided to take my laptop and my briefcase, which contained the "skirt" photos and newspapers, to a nearby Starbucks or bookstore to write this article about the skirt, which up until then I felt I should have written right after the fashion show.

As I walked up 80th Street toward the parking garage and turned onto Madison Avenue, I realized why I did not write this article back then. On my right as I looked in the storefront windows, several gorgeous dresses and skirts came into view. Colorful. Sexy. Then I realized it was a Betsey Johnson store! I went in, tried on several dresses and skirts, and told Karen and the other salesgirl about my Betsey Johnson skirt. Unabashedly, I took out the photos and they handed me a scissors for me to cut out two wallet photos for them. As I was cutting out photos of my fashion debut, albeit amateurish, as a runway fashion model, the crux of a super idea hit me! I got very excited and started telling Karen pieces of my idea. She was excited for me, seeing how my face lit up, with my words were tum-

bling out to capture the fragments of the idea as my brain put them together like building blocks. The big idea—a runway fashion show featuring Betsey Johnson clothes, all modeled by cute and sexy transgendered girls, done in a Manhattan mainstream venue, with lots of publicity in all media and extensive coordination with big advertisers. Before and after the show, attendees would sample the mainstream advertisers' wares all over the place. Watch the crowd on Panasonic big plasma screens, drink cola from cute cups adorned with Pepsi logos and served by gorgeous TGs with Betsey Johnson eye-catching mini outfits. Shiny BMW cars in the room with TGs laying all over them. Nightclub music courtesy of Sony. Apple iMacs for attendees to enroll in our website and order DVDs etc., Kodak booths and Canon cameras to take photos with your favorite TG, etc. Also, transgendered associations and TG vendors would be present, networking, and helping. We would then take the videotape of the before, during and after show footage, edit it and market it to cable pay-per-view channels, and over the Internet's endless multimedia sites and our own special website, and as DVDs. Part of the fun would be that the whole event would be handled by transgendered girls, being friendly at the door, handling the video, audio and stage equipment, deejaying the music, parading around looking grand, serving the food, directing the staff, moderating, etc. The profits could be enormous, especially considering the advertising revenue and the sales of clothes, multimedia properties, etc. Because the TGs who participate would earn a portion of all profits, the built-in promotion of the event would be extraordinary. We'd even have a reality-based contest like American Idol going on concurrently with the whole event. Following our explosive success in Manhattan, we'd go to another American city, and on

and on.

My mind was racing, feeling as though my hero Leonardo daVinci was nudging me along and whispering in my hear, expanding and yet integrating the main idea. I was brought back to the moment by Karen saying "Fantastic idea, Fran!" Do you want the phone number of the Betsey Johnson showroom to call and present your idea to the woman handling media events and fashion shows." I'm calling her tomorrow. I'm also calling certain transgendered girls I know who would be excellent partners with whom to launch the venture. Just think. If Leonardo had liked dressing as a woman, his inventing might have led him to a whole new place - the runway wearing a pretty sexy skirt!

(Editor's note: While we have kept our ear to the ground, well, near the ground. No girl likes to get dirt in her ear. We haven't heard anything about a gigantic Betsey Johnson TG fashion show in New York. If we do we'll let you know. Whatever happened, though, we're sure Fran is still happily wearing that skirt.)

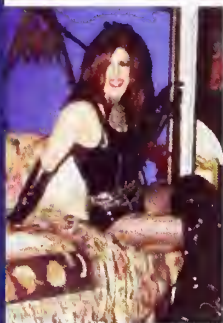




# Night Moves

## A Night In New York City

By Brianna Austin



I've never gone out and stayed in one place for an entire night. When you club hop you tend to find routines of various nightspots that just seem to go together.

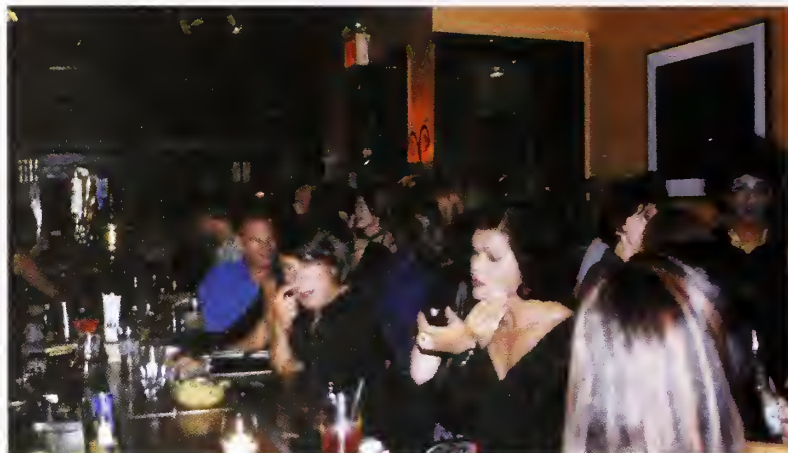
So, when I was asked to "write an in depth review about one great nightspot in NYC," that seemed a little sacrilegious to me. It seemed more appropriate to write about "one night" in New York City. With so many venues—and so many extremes—I decided to give the readers something right down the middle: a little mainstream, a little trans-only, and a little more mainstream.

A great place to relax, have a drink and start off the night is **EAST OF EIGHTH** 254 West 23rd Street 212-351-0075 (just east of 8th Ave.). It's a restaurant with a kick ass bar right there as you enter. The owner, manager and bartenders have all gotten to know us well (I used to co-host the *Girls Club Parties* here), and are great



Petra, Helen, Ashley, and Adrianna (L > R ) Dinner in the garden (East of Eighth).

supporters. They're also fun and friendly, with great music (controlled by each bartender) that sets the easy-going, up-tempo mood. The crowd is gay, straight,



Ina's Party at the Silver Swan

trans, with occasional tourists—and it all mixes well. You can eat dinner in the restaurant upstairs, in the garden out back, or, right at the bar. The food is excellent (I like their pasta), but at the bar I prefer the Chicken Club



Chrissy (Blonde) meets a straight couple at Silver Swan.

Wrap, or a Caesar Chicken Salad (have to watch that figure). The crowd here comes and goes, so it swells and recedes, then swells again throughout the evening. On Halloween night 2003, the party spilled right out



Marlena and Brianna sandwich CeeCee at Ina's.





**Paola at Silver Swan.**

onto the sidewalk. A lot of the girls show up between 9:00 and 10:00 on Saturday nights, have a few drinks, and then go over to the **Silver Swan TG party**. Other times the energy is so amazing, that many choose to stay until closing. But you can stop in here anytime, day or night. Some of the regulars (T-girls) stop in here most Fridays. And don't be shy, walk right

up and say hello – these girls are very sweet and inviting, they'll make you feel at home. Also, on Monday nights, you can see **Hedda Lettuce** perform upstairs. Lastly, the bartender Jack (usually there on Friday and Saturday) makes a wicked Margarita!

Certainly **Ina's TG party** at the **SILVER SWAN**, 41 East 20th Street – between Broadway and Park Ave. - is the largest transgender party in town. It opens at 11:00 p.m. and closes at 4:00 in the morning. There's also a dressing room (downstairs) which you can utilize beginning at ten. The cover is \$5, and worth every penny. Once through the door you're immediately in the bar area—and it's a long bar with many stools, in addition to 5 or 6 small tables (yes, with chairs) lining the wall. Then, through an archway you enter another room, which prior to the party is one of the best German-American restaurants in town. This little room has plenty of seating (tables and chairs), and the girls (and guys) will usually create a space in the middle to dance the night away (usually 10-15 people max at a time). Ina, your hostess, has developed a nice clientele of regulars: crossdresser's, TSs, TGs, their s/o and admirer's, and there are always new faces showing up each week. Ages range from 18–60, so everyone feels at home. Generally speaking this is a very nice and welcoming crowd, and a great place for those that are most com-



**Two Beauties dance at Silver Swan.**

some eclectic jazz after 3:00 a.m. late night. The blonde pictured is Christy, who is the sweetest and friendliest person you can find, go say hello to her.

As the wee hours of the morning roll in, at about 2:00 a.m., you have a decision to make: do I ride out the night here at the Swan, or am I feeling a little wild? If you choose the latter, there's no better way to close out the night than with a live funk/blues band to tap your feet, or get up and dance to. In my opinion, that only leaves one choice: **Cold Sweat at Arthur's Tavern** (57 Grove Street 212-675-6879). I always enjoyed showing up around 2 or 2:30 a.m., after the bulk of the crowd has gone home, leaving just enough partygoers to keep the energy going. You enter into a narrow club, the bar running down the left, tables and chairs to the right, until you reach a very small dance area, accommodating perhaps 10 people, facing the "pit" where the band plays. A counter top with bar stools surrounds the pit so that you can sit and watch the band. The straight crowd has always been very accepting of us, and possibly a little curious as well. We've been coming here without incident for three years, and always have a blast.

Until next time, be happy, be safe, and always think pretty!

Send your comments to: [briannaustin@aol.com](mailto:briannaustin@aol.com)



# Night Moves

*Frank and Jeffrey's*

*Phoenixville, Pennsylvania*

*by Angela Gardner*

The place was hot—no, really hot. Despite the February chill outside—inside it was hot. People were breast to breast, elbow to stomach and tush to tush. The flashing lights, the throbbing, sexy music all made it known that **Frank and Jeffrey's** was the place to be that Valentine's night for the hottest drag show in town. **The Allexus Kane Show** was about to take the stage and the excitement was building. Were we in New York or Miami? San Francisco or L.A.? No, we were on Bridge Street in Phoenixville, Pennsylvania. Phoenixville is a small town outside of Philadelphia and Frank and Jeffrey's is the only gay bar for miles around.

Being Valentine's Day this Friday night was a special event, **The Allexus Kane Grand Illusions Valentine Extravaganza**, and everyone was there. Our own makeup columnist **Amanda Richards** was on hand. (Secret hair tip! She used TWO wigs to get her hair that big.) Former Profile Girl **Sarah Thomas** also made the scene, and our beloved publisher **Miss JoAnn Roberts** made a royal appearance.

Frank and Jeffrey's is a cute place with a large bar—always a plus—that takes up the first half of the room as you enter. Tables fill the space beyond that right up to the stage area, which is really just a dance floor. The DJ booth is at the back of the dance floor and due to the way the plumbing was installed the bathrooms are right next to the DJ booth making it necessary for those who need to use the necessary to walk right past any performers who may be onstage. (It could be worse. At Bob & Barbara's in Philly you used to have to walk right over the stage. They fixed that.)

For those who want to get away from the loud dance music for a quiet drink, and perhaps a round of pool, there is a smaller side bar (actually the original bar) where you can drink and chill.

Sadly, the place was so packed that the LadyLike girls spent most of the evening in the smaller bar hustling people at pool and attending a birthday celebration for a lovely GG named Marla so they missed the fabulous drag show. (Miss Thomas baked the birthday cake. She's an accomplished pastry chef, and it was delicious.) They did see the performers in their so sexy gowns since the girls were dressing somewhere in the rear of the side bar and walked through to get onstage.

If you're ever in the Southeastern Pennsylvania area and you want to have some fun in the country stop and visit **Frank and Jeffrey's**. Normally they have karaoke on Friday nights and dancing on Saturday. Drag shows are special events so give them a call to check the drag schedule or take a look at their website. Feel free to visit any time in drag as girls like us are always welcome.

**Frank and Jeffrey's**  
231 Bridge Street  
Phoenixville, PA 19460  
(610) 935-7154  
<http://www.gayfj.com>



**Amanda Richards and Sarah Thomas display their true beauty. Isn't that Sonic The Hedgehog in the lower left foreground?**



**Amanda Richards... and her hair.**



**(L) Miss Pa. Illusion 2004, Monique Summers and (R) Makayla Summers, Miss Rainbow Inn 2003/2004.**









# Drama Queen

*The Lost Career Of Raymond Bertin*

by Ms. Bob Davis and Carol Kleinmaier

Being an amateur historian of theatrical cross-dressing has its frustrations. We have at hand a collection of very rare images of French female impersonator Raymond Bertin, yet we've been able to find out almost nothing about him. The cards are from the late 19th and early 20th centuries, an era when both female and male impersonators were a staple in such popular entertainments as English and French music hall, European cabaret and American vaudeville. The Bertin postcards were collected by Gerard Koskovich, a San Francisco-based dealer and collector of rare queer books and ephemera. We are very indebted to him for allowing LadyLike to print these fruits of his long hours searching through Paris book shops. Gerard is a member of the board of directors of the GLBT Histor-

ical Society, the group that opened the International Museum of GLBT History in San Francisco last year.

There seems to be nothing about Raymond Bertin on the Internet, either in French or English. The only reference we have seen in print in English is a rather unflattering mention in O. P. Gilbert's *Men in Women's Guise* (1926). Gilbert says that Bertin "has not appeared on stage since the war," meaning World War I, which ended in 1918. Gilbert calls Bertin impersonations "fairly good," but couldn't stand Bertin's "disagreeable" use of falsetto. Fortunately the cards, and Gerard's knowledge of French culture, reveal a few more things about Raymond Bertin's career.

All the cards we have feature Bertin impersonating women performers of French music hall. Nine of the cards from Gerard's stock are presented here; we reproduced two oth-

ers in the last issue of LadyLike. It's not surprising that there's more information available about the women Bertin was impersonating than about Bertin himself. If the women hadn't been famous, he wouldn't have bothered to impersonate them in the first place. Consider some more contemporary cases. Jimmy James's 1980s impersonation of Marilyn Monroe was probably the world's most flawless. Jim Bailey's impersonation of Judy Garland—with Bailey singing in his own voice—is a wonder to behold. But there will always be more information available about Monroe and Garland than about James and Bailey. And a hundred years from now, researching the impersonators will be a project for Ph.D. candidates.

In the French music hall of the belle époque, the 20 or so years between 1890 and World War I, some performers were established



1



2



3



stars, and others were stars for only a season, destined to burn brightly but briefly in the theatrical firmament. One of the later may be Melle Foscolo, whom Bertin impersonated in a wonderful dress, which is so full of stays and braces it would surely stand on its own (1). We don't even have her full name, as "Melle" means "Miss." The card bills her as an "excentrique." She's holding a perfume spray bottle. Perhaps she was endorsing perfume?

Another star of the moment was Miette, whom Bertin impersonates while playing the guitar (2). Miette provides us with an example of why these performers had so many names. Miette, which literally means "little crumb," was not an uncommon nickname for girls before World War II. It could have been the performer's real name, or it could have been given her by an agent or producer. Her other title, "La Cigale Parisienne," was more likely bestowed by the press. "Cigale" translates as cicada. That makes Miette the Parisian cricket, a cute little bug who sings at night. Bertin presented this impersonation at the Folies Marigny, one of Paris' grander music halls.

We know almost nothing about some of these Parisienne stars impersonated by Bertin. We've found a few facts about La Tortojada, star of the

Folies Bergère. She appeared there for the first time in 1890 and was so famous at the time that Bertin felt she needed no introduction, other than her name. Her stage name suggests she's Spanish, and Bertin's costume (3), with its cape and picador's pike, suggests that she performed a bullfighting act at one time or another. Another card of Bertin in the same outfit was featured in our last issue.

Clotilde Alegria is another another star we know little about. She's billed as "tireuse mexicaine," a Mexican sharpshooter, as Bertin's costume with rifle, pistola and serape suggests (4). Sounds like a Mexican Annie Oakley.

Yet another subject of Bertin's impersonation was Adrienne Larive (10), about whom we have managed to discover no additional facts.

By contrast, Yvette Guilbert, was a star on both sides of the Atlantic. Show biz history writer Joe Laurie Jr. called her a "Broadway sensation." In 1885 Oscar Hammerstein Sr. paid her the princely sum of \$4,000 per week for a four-week run. Four years later, she was the opening bill in the music hall at Hammerstein's new Olympia Theatre on the east side of Broadway between 44th and 45th streets. Hammerstein also booked Polaire, whom Bertin impersonated [see our last issue].

Guilbert's repertory relied heavily on risqué humor and topical songs which she more pattered than sang. She delivered her numbers in the slang and accent of the rougher neighborhoods of Paris that were frequented by whores, pimps and toughs. As a striking contrast, she dressed in fabulous evening gowns. It's not hard to see a gold mine of camp in Guilbert's act just waiting for some enterprising female impersonator. And as the lace on the gown, the cherry on the top is that she was not noted for her beauty, which probably made her easier to impersonate. She even asked the famed painter Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, who featured her frequently in his work, to make her "not atrociously ugly... please, a little less ugly."

So no wonder we have three cards of Bertin impersonating Yvette Guilbert. For drag acts, she must have been irresistible. In one photograph, Bertin is a very serious Guilbert (5). The other photo, in which Bertin has the winning little smile, he liked so much he used it twice—that is with two different captions. In one, (6) he's "Yvette Guilbert (Dernier genre)," which means in her latest style. Throughout her long career, Guilbert was constantly reinventing herself. Between 1880 and 1930 she went through more incarnations than



Monsieur R. BERTIN  
Imitant Miss CLOTILDE ALEGRIA, tireuse mexicaine

4



5



Monsieur R. BERTIN  
Imitant YVETTE GUILBERT (Dernier genre)

6





# Drama Queen

Madonna ever will.

The other card of Bertin doing Guilbert is an impersonation of an impersonation (7). "Mr. Bertin/Imitation de Mme. Yvette Guilbert/Genre Pompadour" translates loosely as "Mr. Bertin impersonating Yvette Guilbert as Mme. Pompadour." Pompadour was the celebrated mistress of Louis XV. Maybe the fan suggested the 18th century (6)?

Among Yvette Guilbert's most enduring hits was a song titled "Madame Arthur." It may well have had a particular appeal for a certain class of Parisians, as the name made a reappearance a decade after Guilbert's death. One of the most famous

Paris drag clubs of the 1940s-1960s was known as Madame Arthur, which certainly must have brought the Guilbert song to mind for many of the patrons.

Another woman impersonated by Bertin, La Belle Otéro (9), was an actress, but also a famous "grande horizontale" of the belle époque. She was one of the women belonging to the "demi-monde" (the "half-society"), the most elite of the disreputable social classes. The demi-monde was led by unmarried women who were maintained in lavish style by a succession of rich, famous men. La Belle Otéro was mistress to the kings of England, Serbia and Spain, Grand Dukes Peter and Nicholas of Russia and, since she was a lover of the arts, Italian poet Gabriele d'Annunzio.

Here's a photo of Otéro herself (9). How well do you think Raymond Bertin did?

The first person we heard use horizontal with this meaning was Minette, female impersonator of the 1940s-1970s. When asked why she stopped performing at the Crazy Horse in Manhattan, she said, "The boss was not good at paying, that's why I left. I said, 'Who needs it?' I could do horizontal entertainment and I didn't have to take the subway to New York."

Researching these photos may not have given us many facts about Raymond Bertin, but we have some impressions of the man. We know that he kept updating his performances, the sign of a dedicated professional. He kept his act current and may have impersonated the majority of female stars of the day who trod the boards of French music hall. We







have no evidence that Bertin continued performing after World War I—a fact for which there could have been hundreds of social, professional or personal reasons. But at least we're fortunate enough to be able to see an astoundingly rich collection of images of his work—and to imagine the rest of the story with its gas lights, cabarets and female impersonators.

This is the 25th article or interview we've contributed to LadyLike, going back almost six years to the Pudgy Roberts interview in issue #28. Though we will be making occasional contributions, this is the last regular installment of DramaQueen. We'd like to thank the readers for their loyalty and for allowing us to share some of the history of transgender people with them. Thanks especially to Angela and JoAnn for tolerating our interpretation of "deadline" and our constant need for scanning of images. We'll now be working on some book projects that we hope you'll find in stores someday. Please look for them. Thank you for reading our column.

*A note from JoAnn Roberts: I am most grateful that we've had Ms Bob and Carol K. to add intellectual class to the pages of LadyLike these many years. All of their contributions have led to a greater understanding of the role transgender people have played in our world. All of us here are sorry to have them depart, but we all understand the need to move onto other projects. I wish them well in their book endeavors. And, once again, I would like to thank*

*Gerard Koskovich for his contributions to this article. He can be reached at <DAlembert@aol.com> or P.O. Box 14301, San Francisco, CA 94114-0301 USA. He welcomes readers' inquiries about the article or titles of gender interest in his inventory of rare queer books.*



Monsieur R. BERTIN dans son imitation "d'Adrienne Larive"  
Polles-Morigny

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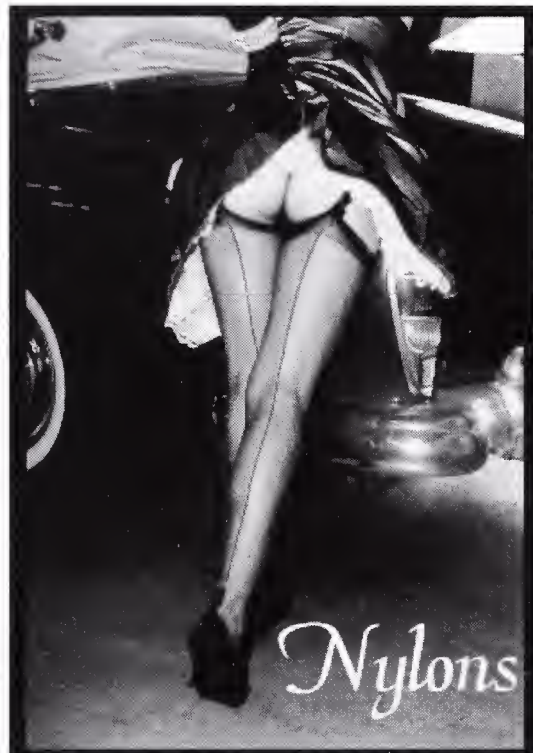
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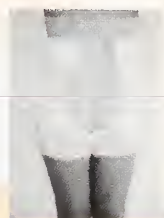
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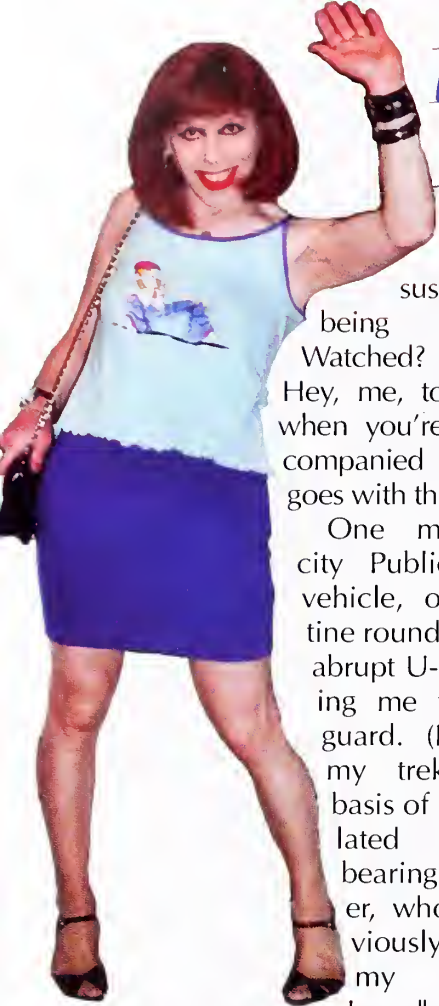
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# Pegged As A Wolf In Ewe's Clothing? By Roxanne VanNess

Ever suspect you're being "assessed"? Watched? Followed? Hey, me, too! I guess when you're an unaccompanied woman, it goes with the territory.

One morning, a city Public Security vehicle, on its routine rounds, made an abrupt U-turn catching me totally off-guard. (I'd plotted my trek on the basis of its extrapolated compass bearing.) The driver, who had previously accosted my "Amber Jayne" persona in 1999, inquired whether I was okay. Startled, but not flustered, I girlishly nodded, whereupon we went our separate ways. (Hold that thought.)

Ironic. After a prolonged hot summer had nullified, diminished, or forced the rescheduling of a wealth of duties and responsibilities, an extended frigid winter provided additional postponements (bummer). Hence, once a substantial snowfall had wiped out my traditional April speed-walking debut, I rechannelled my efforts into the discipline of femme neighborhood strolls.

Noting the depressing long-range weather forecast, I decided to attempt five (5) consecutive outings. (of course, the plan remained subject to daily evaluation.)

You know, according to the laws of probability, some sort of "adventure" would eventually develop... if I took a sufficient number of walks. In retrospect, all I can say is: be careful what you wish for!

Now, Monday, April 7th went gnarlily, virtually to the finish. However, the moment I neared my humble abode, a police car slowly pulled even for a few seconds. Not

overly concerned, I sauntered those final 100 paces. The cruiser, as expected, kept going.

The next morning, with but one block to negotiate, I spotted a security SUV prowling westward. Assuming it would turn left twice to proceed east along the street where I was, I scurried in the opposite direction so that we could trade places without meeting. Quandary, the SUV backtracked (Oh, no!). With no place to go, I had little choice but to maintain my course. Gosh, the two-some actually stared. I mean, what was my infraction? Knobby knees? Heifer haunches? Jowls!?

April 9th: During the initial portion of my excursion, I noticed a plain brown van moving along at a crawl. My suspicions were promptly aroused because it didn't appear to be heading anywhere in particular. In fact, when I arrived at the intersection, it stopped, backed into a driveway, and commenced coming my direction (Uh-oh!). Unruffled, I veered into a side street, only to witness the same vehicle approaching from the far end of the block. Mercifully, it purred past, at a snail's pace, vanishing into the residential blackness (Whew!).

Unfortunately, at the start of the encore half of my voyage, that very van materialized out of nowhere, again traveling toward me at, perhaps, 10 mph. (How it had located me was a mystery. The only nearby link between the city's twin sectors remained a pedestrian overpass.) It overtook me, reached the corner and swung around (Eeps!). This time the drive rolled down the window to ask if I needed a lift somewhere. (Why me?) This time, I girlishly shook my coiffed noggin "No". "Okay," he said, obviously disappointed. It struck me that he didn't address me as "Miss" or "Ma'am". Gee, neither had that security guy two weeks earlier. What a downer; my eyebrows looked so totally gorgeous, too! (I pluck regularly.)

My initial hypothesis is the fellow

was up to no good... possible cruising the dimly-lit street to scope out burglar-friendly bungalows and duplexes. However, I quickly revised that line of conjecture. Could this dude, instead, have been a plainclothes cop in an unmarked clunker? Had he offered me a ride in hope that I'd accept... leaving myself open to a charge of "soliciting?" Had I come "this close" to finding my Rox wrists handcuffed and on a one-way scenic tour of the police station? Wee, not to worry. I'm hardly an airhead. Later, I pondered how Mr. Knight-In-Shining-Chassis might have handled my Foghorn Leghorn impression? (I better watch my step, lest I wind up in foghorn leg-irons.)

How demoralizing! All of a sudden, there seemed to be fleets of law-enforcement types everywhere. This, needless to say, radically handicapped my would-be stealthy operations. So, I called upon my unequalled familiarity with the area to avoid further encounters. Having traveled westward via the center of town, I returned eastward along the northern perimeter. I hoped all patrols had covered the area long ago allowing my girlself to proceed unmonitored and unrestricted. I was right. Yeehaw! (Er, I mean, Giggie!).

Naturally, I'd have preferred continuing for another 30 minutes, yet that would have proven thoroughly unwise. (Sure, this gal may press her blouse, but never her luck.) The tactic worked beautifully, as nary a patrol vehicle popped up. I covered an estimated 6 miles in the process.

Evidently, "in the zone", I decided to extend my expedition into the eastern sector. (Like, it takes a lot to intimidate yours truly. Besides, the additional 4 miles would yield a nice round total and a personal record.) I traveled to the turnaround point without complication. Within five minutes I'd be embarking on the return trip.

Well, that theory sucked! At the corner (yes, again), I was overtaken by a speeding police mini-machine,



which stopped dead mere feet away. (This wasn't my week.) And, when a quick over-the-shoulder glance revealed ye olde police officer employing ye olde radio, I adopted the plan that worked 24 hours earlier. Instead of circling around at the predesignated spot (thereby risking a second confrontation with you-know-who), I headed for the southern perimeter.

Malheureusement, with only a couple of blocks under my elasticized waistband (I'd left my belt at home), I abruptly came face to flank with a second cop car. (This had the makings of a bad dream!). Ergo, rather than sashay past its front bumper, I turned north, pearly whites gritting, polished digits crossed. (Things were getting thoroughly dicey.) But, the constable at the heel countered with a quick 180-degree turn, rolling ever so slowly alongside. Moving on to the next corner, he U-turned and waited. Hey, why all the attention? Had some hyperzealous dispatcher issued an APB or something? you know the routine: "Calling all cars! Be on the lookout for suspicious character. Female; Caucasian; mid-30's; 5' 10"; 135#; shoulder-length red hair; bow legs. Last seen wearing black coat with beige fur collar, black boots..."

Bowlegged? Me? As if! (cue the Drognet music: dum-da-dum-dum)



Things had become surreal. A haze surrounded me. I felt trapped in time. I remember panicking, "Oh shit! I'm in big trouble now! I'm toast!" or some comparably frazzled facsimile. I was positive the pair of gendarmes would swagger out of the single striped coach and read me my rights. Perhaps even shove my sexy bod around. Yup, Montreal, too, boasts its fair share of uniformed cowboys (er, cowpersons? face obscured by windshield glare, one of the wranglers could have female).

Under the dire circumstances, my lone recourse remained to proceed northward. I dared not run. Daren't give them a tongue-lashing. Daren't bat my curled lashes.

They watched intently. Not wishing to exude criminality (huh?) I benignly reciprocated. Upping the ante, one of the officers grabber his radio transmitter (Gulp!). Was he alerting all units in the vicinity to tail this stylish suspect? Worse, to converge — cherries flashing and sirens wailing — on our co-ordinates? Hey, no back-up necessary. I was, like, tres affable (that's without the "I").

Quickly, an improvised itinerary danced in my head. if I could only get over a street, I might be able to zigzag my way through every pedestrian walk, narrow gate, constricted crossing and/or footbridge to the west side (actually, evasive-action options proved few). And, then, my peripheral vision caught a glimpse of the blue and white cruiser starting to resume its original southward route. Wow, did this imply I was off the proverbial hook? Had their ploy involved giving me enough rope to hang myself? (Sorry, I'm no Ditz!.) Or had they merely been toying with my systolic blood pressure? Not shur!

Whatever! I pursued my course as inconspicuously as possible, albeit with ye olde speed turned up a couple notches. Entering occidental Mount Royal, I hurried along parallel to the railroad tracks until I beheld that beautiful, gleaming, sturdy overpass to safety. It had seemed, oh, so far away. Soon I was unlocking my front door.

Neanmoins, questions lingered. Why single me out? Had I been pegged as a wolf in ewe's clothing? Did my female form scream doggy-do? (Gasp! Not even! "Kathleen" represented the most powerful weapon in my girlie arsenal!)

Confidence seriously shaken, I consulted the highest authority at my disposal...

"Mirror, mirror on the wall:  
Who's the fairest of them all?"

To which it replied,

"I won't compare you with the rest,

Yet, there's no doubt you look

your best!"

Fine! I didn't resemble woofers waste. Heartfelt thanks O reflective ally. To which it responded, "No problem, sweetie." (poetic license) The vindication made me feel a smidgen better.

LevertheNess, this marked the first occasion, or series of occasions, where "Kathleen" received such menacing surveillance. (Heck, even the "Police Navidad" brouhaha hadn't erupted until I'd identified myself).

So, okay, regrouping, here's what I did prior to the next morning, in the event that I were interrogated, detained, arrested, and/or (Mother Venus forbid) strip-searched (and I swear this is absolutely true!). I double shaved legs, underarms, bikini area, slipped into run-free pantyhose and brought along a change of footwear — sensible flats. After all, it's every woman's duty to be prison-mindedly prepared.

By April 11th, I'd grown super-paranoid. The mere sight of approaching headlights was sufficient to send me high-tailing it around the corner from the main entrance. (Not to worry. I employed a decidedly demure trot.)

Thankfully, only two patrol vehicles figured in the equation this night, and neither paid me any heed. All right!

However, a stone's throw away from sanctuary, yet another security SUV turned into the driveway adjacent to that of my building and parked. (Aw, #%%&/\*\*!!) Fortunately, five minutes later, it slowly moved on, giving me an opportunity to re-enter the premises by way of the rear garage entrance.

I had done it! Five Rox walks in five consecutive days. Like, champagne for everyone! (Some victory party. Forty-six distinct alter egos, and not one imbibes intoxicants.)

On several pre-dawn morns thereafter, I revisited the "scene of the crime", en drab, only to experience the rare uniformed presence. Where did everybody go? Duh!

Puellar perks aside, sometimes I wish I were a guy!

Roxanne Van Ness  
FWD#2124



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# Ask Astra

Dear Astra,

I love the feel of smooth skin and shave my pubic area all the time, but after just a day, it itches. What can I do to stop scratching?

Scritchy In Scranton

Dear SIS,

1. Wear a chastity belt
2. Try some flea and tick powder, I understand it helps stop the itch.
3. Boxing gloves might help keep those sharp nails away from your tender skin.

Dear Astra,

I have been dressing in private for about 6 years and for most of that time it's all I wanted to do. But lately I have really begun to feel that I would like to go out...somewhere. Where can a "girl" like me go out and not be subject to ridicule?

Just Wanna Have Fun!

Dear Just,

Well...turn to page 44 of this magazine. Lookee at all a them support groups. If they aren't meeting at your house, it's a pretty good bet that you could start there. Seriously, a support group really is a good place to start.

So get out there and start having fun!

Dear Astra,

I've just discovered my husband is a crossdresser. Help! Worried Wife

Dear Worried,

I get the feeling that you're not as pleased and intrigued by that discovery as I would be so, putting myself in your shoes, I would imagine the first feeling you have is fear. Is he gay? Is it me? Does he want to have a sex change? Is he the same person I fell in love with? What about our kids? What about the neighbors? What about...just about everything?

You need information, and the best way to get that is by reading ("**Coping With Crossdressing**" by JoAnn Roberts and "**My Husband Wears My Clothes**" by Peggy J. Rudd for

a start), talking to other CD's and their partners (for support groups in your area consult the list on page 44 or you could look for support groups online), and talking to each other.

Unless your brain is wired like mine, the next thing you will most likely feel is anger. Deceived and betrayed. Jealous. It feels like you are competing with another woman.

In my opinion, unrelenting anger is a truly ugly thing. If you can't get rid of your anger, it's time for therapy. And if that doesn't help, it's time to move on. I feel that the worst thing for both parties is to try to live with anger that never leaves. Anger will eventually define all aspects of your partnership. That's no way to live.

I think you owe it to yourself and your partner to explore and discover what the possibilities are for your relationship.

I can't tell you how it will turn out, but I can tell you that if you bail out before taking the time to look at all of the possible ways of making it work, you might be missing out on a truly enriching relationship.

I am not a therapist. These are my feelings and opinions. They're backed up by nothing but my life experience.

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P.O. Box 491  
Lionville, PA 19353-0491  
or email: [askastra@cdspub.com](mailto:askastra@cdspub.com)



# North American Support Groups

## National US Membership Organizations

**International Foundation for Gender Education**, PO Box 540229, Waltham, MA 02454. Publishes Transgender Tapestry (\$40/year subscription). Reprints and books on TV/TS subjects, other info. Hosts annual conference in different locations around the country. Phone: 617-899-2212, [www.ifge.org]

**Renaissance Transgender Association, Inc.**, 987 Old Eagle School Rd., Suite 719, Wayne, Pa. 19087. 610-975-9119 24 hr. answering machine. Membership fee of \$48 includes the monthly publication "Transgender Community News." Also publishes Background Papers and Community Outreach Bulletins on transgender issues for personal and professional use. Speakers available for classroom, corporate, or media discussions of transgender issues. Renaissance is a 501(c)(3) non-profit membership organization. [www.ren.org]

**Society for the Second Self (SSS)**, Box 194, Tulare, CA 93275. Focused on families and relationships. Tri-Ess publishes the Femme Mirror quarterly and hosts an annual convention. Tri-Ess chapters are marked with "##" in the list below. Tri-Ess is a non-profit membership organization. [jeftris@aol.com]

## Alaska

Alaska T People, PO Box 670349, Chugiak, AK 99567

## Arizona

Transgendered Harmony, 8485 E McDonald Dr #298, Scottsdale, AZ 85250

Alpha-Zeta (Tri-Ess), PO Box 28363, Tempe, AZ 85285-8363

A Rose, PO Box 8108, Glendale, AZ 85312-8108

Transgendered Harmony, PO Box 83927, Phoenix, AZ 85701

Southern Arizona Gender Alliance, 300 E Sixth St, Tucson, AZ 85705

Evolere Transgendered Foundation, 1830 E. Broadway Blvd. #124-269, Tucson, AZ 85719

## California

Transgender Resource Center of

Southern Calif., 8350 Santa Monica Blvd. Ste 104A, W Hollywood, CA 90069

Alpha Chapter, 409 N. Pacific Coast Hwy. #320, Redondo Beach, CA 90277

U.S. G.I.R.L.S. Club, P.O. Box 3182, Cerritos, CA 90703-3182

Gender Expressions, PO Box 816, Lakewood, CA 90714-0816

CHIC Crossdressers Heterosexual Intersocial Club, PO Box 17850, Long Beach, CA 90807

CD Social Group, PO Box 224, Montrose, CA 91021

PSGV Transgendered Support, 401 South Main St. Ste 104, Pomona, CA 91765

Neutral Corner, PO Box 19008, San Diego, CA 92159

San Diego TransFamily, PO Box 4735, San Diego, CA 92164

TG Alliance of Coachella Valley, PO Box 391, Thousand Palms, CA 92276

Born Free, PO Box 52829, Riverside, CA 92517

LKO (Ladies Knight Out), 3320 Chapman Ave., Orange, CA 92869

Ventura Transgender Outreach, 3503 Arundell Circle Ste 3A, Ventura, CA 93003

Society for Second Self (Tri-Ess), PO Box 194, Tulare, CA 93275

Access Point, PO Box 7180, Los Osos, CA 93402

TranzcentralCoast, P.O. Box 14146, San Luis Obispo, CA 93406

Trans-Action, 973 Market St. Suite 500, San Francisco, CA 94103

Lavender Youth Recreation and Information Center, 127 Collingwood St, San Francisco, CA 94117

TGSF, PO Box 426486, San Francisco, CA 94142-6486

Diablo Valley Girls, PO Box 272885, Concord, CA 94527-2885

Rainbow Gender Association, PO Box 700730, San Jose, CA 95170-0730

Sacramento Gender Assoc., PO Box 162907, Sacramento, CA 95816-2907

Transfolk, 115 Grand Ave,

Oroville, CA 95965

Sigma Sigma Beta, PO Box 19933, So. Lake Tahoe, CA 96151

## Colorado

Gender Identity Center of Colorado, "1455 Ammons St., Ste 100", Lakewood, CO 80215-4993

Lambda Community Center, "149 W Oak, Ste 8", Ft Collins, CO 80524

Pueblo TV/TS Support Group, 1144 Clarmont, Pueblo, CO 81004-2808

## Connecticut

Connecticut Outreach Society, PO Box 163, Farmington, CT 06034

## District of Columbia

Washington-Baltimore Alliance, PO Box 50724, Washington, D.C. 20091-0724

## Delaware

Renaissance Delaware, PO Box 5656, Wilmington, DE 19808

## Florida

Emerald Coast/PANTRA, 8084 N. Davis Hwy E3, Pensacola, FL 32514

Trans Alliance of Gainesville, PO Box 143102, Gainesville, FL 32614-3102

Phi Epsilon Mu, PO Box 3261, Winter Park, FL 32790-3261

Evolve, 2351 S Ferncreek Ave, Orlando, FL 32806

Mu Beta Gamma Tri-Ess, PO Box 4126, Hialeah, FL 33014

South Florida Gender Coalition, P.O. Box 670283, Coral Springs, FL 33067-9998

Animas, PO Box 420309, Miami, FL 33242

Gender Society of the Palm Beaches, 7600 s. Dixie Highway, W. Palm Beach, FL 33405

Tampa Bay Gender Alliance, 3708 Swann Ave, Tampa, FL 33629

Starburst, PO Box 6822, Clearwater, FL 33756-6822

## Georgia

Sigma Epsilon, PO Box 272, Rosewell, GA 30077-0272

Atlanta Gender Explorations, PO Box 160003, Atlanta, GA 30316

## Hawaii

Hawaii TG Outreach, PO Box 8233, Honolulu, HI 96830

## Iowa

Central Illinois Gender Assoc., PO Box 1925, Clinton, IA 52733-1925

QCAD Group, PO Box 1534, Davenport, IA 52809

## Idaho

Tri-States Transgender Group, PO Box 6691, Boise, ID 83707

## Illinois

Chi, PO Box 40, Wood Dale, IL 60191-0040

Island Girls, PO Box 2306, Joliet, IL 60434

Chicago Gender Society, PO Box 31465, Chicago, IL 60631-0465

Central Illinois Gender Assoc (CIGA), P.O. Box 3082, Champaign, IL 60826-3082

## Indiana

IXE, PO Box 20710, Indianapolis, IN 46250

Transgender Outreach of N. Indiana, PO Box 2372, Portage, IN 46368

## Kansas

KCCAF (Kansas City Crossdressers & Friends), PO Box 4092, Overland Park, KS 66204

## Kentucky

Lexington Dress & Gender Alliance, PO Box 11471, Lexington, KY 40575

## Louisiana

Gulf Gender Alliance, PO Box 56836, New Orleans, LA 70156-6836

## Massachusetts

The Sunshine Club, PO Box 564, Hadley, MA 01035-0564

South Shore TransGender Network, PO Box 381, Avon, MA 02322

Tiffany Club of New England, PO Box 71, Waltham, MA 02454-0071

International Foundation for Gender Education, PO Box 540229, Waltham, MA 02454-0229

Innvestments, PO Box 354, Sagamore, MA 02561-0354

## Maryland

Chi Epsilon Sigma, PO Box 505, Brooklandville, MD 21022-0505



Transgender Support Group of  
Baltimore , 241 W. Chase St.,  
Baltimore, MD 21201

### Maine

Transsupport , PO Box 17622,  
Portland, ME 04101

Transcare 2000 , 75 Adams St.  
2B, Gardiner, ME 04345

Maine Gender Resource & Sup-  
port , PO Box 1894, Bangor, ME  
04402-1894

### Michigan

Crossroads , PO Box 1245, Royal  
Oak, MI 48068-1245

After Six , PO Box 126, Comstock  
Park, MI 49321

Lambda Mu, PO Box 246,  
Moline, MI 49335-0246

IME of Western Michigan , PO  
Box 1153, Grand Rapids, MI  
49501

Friends North, PO Box 562, Tra-  
verse City, MI 49685-0562

### Minnesota

Tau Epsilon Mu , PO Box 40126,  
St. paul, MN 55104

Gender Education Center , PO  
Box 1861, Maple Grove, MN  
55311

Beta Gamma, PO Box 8591,  
Minneapolis, MN 55408

City of Lakes Crossgender Com-  
munity , PO Box 14844, Min-  
neapolis, MN 55414

### Missouri

St. Louis Gender Foundation , PO  
Box 9433, St. Louis, MO 63117

TransSisters , 4004 Troost Ave.,  
Kansas City, MO 64110

### Mississippi

Southern Belle Society , PO Box  
3112, Gulfport, MS 39505

### Montana

Western Montana GLBT Commu-  
nity Center , 615 Oak ST, Mis-  
soula, MT 59801

### North Carolina

Triad Gender Association , PO  
Box 2264, Jamestown, NC  
27282-2264

Carolina Transensual Alliance  
(CTA) , 112 Edwardia, Greens-  
boro, NC 27409

Sigma Rho Delta Tri-Ess , PO Box  
90141, Raleigh, NC 27675-0141

Kappa Beta, PO Box 12101,  
Charlotte, NC 28220-2101

Phoenix TG Support , PO Box

18332, Asheville, NC 28814

### Nebraska

River City Gender Alliance , PO  
Box 8076, Omaha, NE 68108

### New Hampshire

Tri-Ess New England , PO Box  
7681, Nashau, NH 03060-7681

### New Jersey

Chi Delta Mu, PO Box 1, River  
Edge, NJ 07661-0001

New Jersey Support , PO Box  
9378, Trenton, NJ 08650

Sigma Nu Rho, PO Box 9255,  
Trenton, NJ 08650

Epsilon Mu Gamma , PO Box 4,  
Three Bridges, NJ 08887

### Nevada

Transgender Support and Advoca-  
cy, 2075 E Flamingo, Las Vegas,  
NV 89104

### New York

Gender Identity Project at the  
Lesbian & Gay Community Ser-  
vices Center , 208 West 13th  
Street, New York, NY 10011

CrossDressers International , 404  
W 40th St #2, New York, NY  
10018

Shades of Lavender , 502 Bergen  
St, Brooklyn, NY 11217

Long Island Trans Experience ,  
PO Box 97, Setauket, NY 11733

TGIC , PO Box 13604, Albany,  
NY 12212-3604

CNY TransMenace , 405 Howard  
St #1, Syracuse, NY 13203

Expressing Our Nature c/o Pride  
Community Center , PO Box  
6608 745 N Salina St., Syracuse,  
NY 13217-6608

Buffalo Belles , PO Box 1701,  
Amherst, NY 14226

Rochester Transgender C/O Gay  
Alliance of the Genesee Valley,  
179 Atlantic Avenue, Rochester,  
NY 14607

### Ohio

Crystal Club , PO Box 287,  
Reynoldsburg, OH 43068-0287

Paradise Club , PO Box 29564,  
Cleveland, OH 44129

Crossport , PO Box 1692, Cincin-  
nati, OH 45201

### Oregon

Northwest Gender Alliance , PO  
Box 4928, Portland, OR 97208

Rho Gamma , PO Box 5551,  
Grants Pass, OR 97527

### Pennsylvania

TSG (Transsexual Support Group)  
, 6020 Penn Circle South, Pitts-  
burgh, PA 15206

Transpitt , PO Box 3214, Pitts-  
burgh, PA 15230

Erie Sisters , 1903 West 8th St  
#261, Erie, PA 16505

Renaissance LSV, PO Box 2122,  
Harrisburg, PA 17105-2122

Renaissance - Lehigh Valley , PO  
Box 3624, Allentown, PA 18106

Renaissance GPC, " 987 Old  
Eagle School Road, Ste 719",  
Wayne, PA 19087

### Tennessee

Tennessee Vals , PO Box 92335,  
Nashville, TN 37209

Swans , PO Box 12701,  
Knoxville, TN 37912-2701

Mirror Image , PO Box 11052,  
Memphis, TN 38111-1052

### Texas

Central Texas Transgender Society  
, 2900 West Anderson Lane Suite  
127, Austin, TX 78757

Metroplex CD Club , PO Box  
141924, Irving, TX 75014-1924

Nu Epsilon Tau , PO Box 14096,  
Pantego, TX 76094

Spouses & Partners International  
Conference for Education (SPICE)  
, c/o 8880 Bellaire B2 #104,  
Houston, TX 77036

Tau Chi, " 8800 Bellaire B2, Ste  
104", Houston, TX 77036

Gulf Coast Transgender Commu-  
nity , PO Box 66643, Houston,  
TX 77266

Epsilon Tau, PO Box 945, New  
Waverly, TX 77358

Alpha Tau , PO Box 1398,  
Georgetown, TX 78627

### Washington

Transgender Education Associa-  
tion , PO Box 16036, Arlington,  
VA 22215

Emerald City , PO Box 31318,  
Seattle, WA 98103

Ingersoll Gender Center , " 1812  
E. Madison, Ste 106", Seattle, WA  
98122-2843

Bellingham Gender Group , PO  
Box 2004, Bellingham, WA  
98227

Washington Gender Alliance ,  
PO Box 2261, Bellingham, WA  
98227

### Wisconsin

Gemini Gender Group , P.O.Box  
44211, Milwaukee, WI 53214

Wisconsin TG Support Group ,  
4230 E. Towne Blvd. #193, Madi-  
son, WI 53704

### CANADA

#### Alberta

Illusions Social Club, PO Box  
2000, Calgary T2C-1B4, 403-  
486-9661,

Phi Sigma, Tri-Ess, Box 81115,  
755 Lake Bonavista Dr. S.E. T2C-  
1B4

#### British Columbia

Kootenays Support Group, Box  
270, Rossland, V0G 1Y0, 250-  
362-5701,

Cornbury Society, PO Box 3745,  
Vancouver, V6B-3Z1, N/A,

Zenith Foundation, Box 46, 8415  
Granville St., Vancouver, V6P  
4Z9

Transcend Transgender Support &  
Education Society, PO Box 8673,  
Victoria, V8X 3S2, (250) 413-  
3220

#### Manitoba

Masquerade, c/o 832 Corydon  
Ave., Winnipeg, R3M 0Y2

#### Ontario

Ottawa TS Discussion Group, PO  
Box 42067, RPO St Laurent,  
Ottawa K1K 4L8

Gender Metaphor, PO Box  
27097, Ottawa, K1J 9L9

Chrysalis, 349A George St. N,  
Suite 206, Peterborough, K9H  
3P9

Xpressions, PO Box 223, Station  
A, Toronto, M5W 1B2, 416-410-  
6949, www.Xpressions.org

S.O.S. Club, 519 Church St,  
Toronto, M4Y 2C9, (416)-392-  
6874,

webhome.idirect.com/~players

Gender Mosaic, PO Box 7421,  
Vanier, K1L-8E4, (819) 770-  
1945, www.geocities.com/West-  
Hollywood/9630/

#### Quebec

Action Santé: Travesti(e)s et Trans-  
sexuel(le)s du Québec, 1626 Rue  
St-Hubert, Montreal, (514) 847-  
0067,

Club MET, 4113 Dorion St., Mon-  
treal, H2K-3B8



# On My Mind



I have to tell you what a great experience I had this past January. The Transgender Fund sponsored the Transgender Collaborative Conference in Washington, D.C. We brought together a diverse group of transgender activists from across the community to discuss the issues most affecting our community. Eighteen activists attended plus Diane Dale and myself. I am sorry to note that representatives of the more well-known national transgender organizations did not send representatives although they were invited.

The purpose of this conference was, as Diane Dale outlined in a letter to attendees: "It is going to take a bundling of diversified talent to carry our movement to its next level. I would like to think that there is a reasonable chance all of us could emerge from this experiment with evidence that synergy is attainable; and, that working together on selected endeavors can be more effective and easier than working alone."

So, did the experiment work? I would say Yes and No. Did we find synergies? No, I don't think we scored particularly high in that regard. Did we learn anything? Oh, did we learn stuff!

For example, we started by giving a legislative update based on each person's area of expertise. A lot of energy went into the discussions of ENDA and Hate Crimes legislation. From that update we developed a list of topics for more detailed discussions later in that day and the following day. These topics included: ENDA & HRC; Hate Crimes in more detail; Strategies for working with (or dealing with) HRC; Sex Segregated Facilities (You thought the bathroom issue was over? Well, think again.); Health Issues for Queer & Questioning Youth; Prison Issues; and Marriage Issues.

It's not possible here to go into all of the discussions in detail and perhaps I will do that in future issues. But, one thing is certain, I went into that conference with blinders on and came out of it more aware and more concerned than ever.

Here's the bottom line. The eye of the transgender storm is no longer centered over so-called "social support" groups; it's centered over political activism. Our community's political ambitions were side-tracked in the early 90's by a couple of people who allowed GenderPAC to be "stolen" from those who created it. It took us all this time to get our act together. Let's not blow this again. Effective political action requires money, and lots of it. Make a donation through the Transgender Fund to your personal favorite organization or to the Fund in general.

[<http://www.tgfund.org>]

## **TG Veterans March To The Wall**

The Transgender American Veterans Association (TAVA) will gather veterans at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, in Washington, DC, on Saturday, May 1, 2004. Organizers hope to draw a significant number of supporters to honor the many transgender people who served our nation with

pride and honor.

Several outstanding national and local organizations have come forward to publicly support the event, including the Human Rights Campaign (HRC), the National Transgender Advocacy Coalition (NTAC), the Servicemembers Legal Defense Network (SLDN), and the Puget Sound, New York City and DC Chapters of the American Veterans for Equal Rights (AVER). Some have already supported this event with donations, including the National Center for Transgender Equality (NCTE) and the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force (NGLTF).

Individuals or organizations who wish to make donations to support the March may do so through the TG Fund.

## **Tell Mr. Bush "No" to Constitutional Amendment**

I don't know about you, but I am really steamed up about President Bush's call for an Amendment to the Constitution to declare marriage can only be between a man and a woman. That's just wrong! Not only is Mr. Bush calling for an Amendment that would add discrimination to our foundational document, the president has no logical legal grounds for doing so. Every single argument I've heard against "gay marriage" is based on religious beliefs. Not one argument has any sound legal basis.

Plus, I want to know how many Representatives and Senators have been divorced and how many times? How many have had affairs? I'll bet if a list like that were published, it would cut down on the hypocritical bombast we're likely to hear in any debate on this Amendment.

Personally, I believe that Mr. Bush and the Neo-Cons are trying to divert the public's attention away from the war, the economy and the serious lack of jobs. We cannot allow the Conservative Right to distract us as we head toward the election in November. Not only do we need to replace Mr. Bush as president (in my opinion), we need to rout the Neo-Cons who purport to represent the people of this country while they line their pockets at the expense of American jobs. How many people do you know who are still out of work after more than a year? Me, I know too many people like that.

## **And now for something completely different...**

I received a letter from Fred Searcy, the serials coordinator of the Stonewall Library and Archives, 1717 N Andrews Ave, Ft. Lauderdale Fla., 33311. I've been sending copies of LadyLike to the archive ever since I discovered it. However, they'd like to round out their collection and are looking for copies in good condition prior to issue #45. So, if you have any early LadyLike magazines you'd like to donate to the archive, contact Fred by phone at 954-763-8565 or email him at [[archivist@stonewall-library.org](mailto:archivist@stonewall-library.org)]

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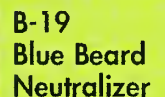
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